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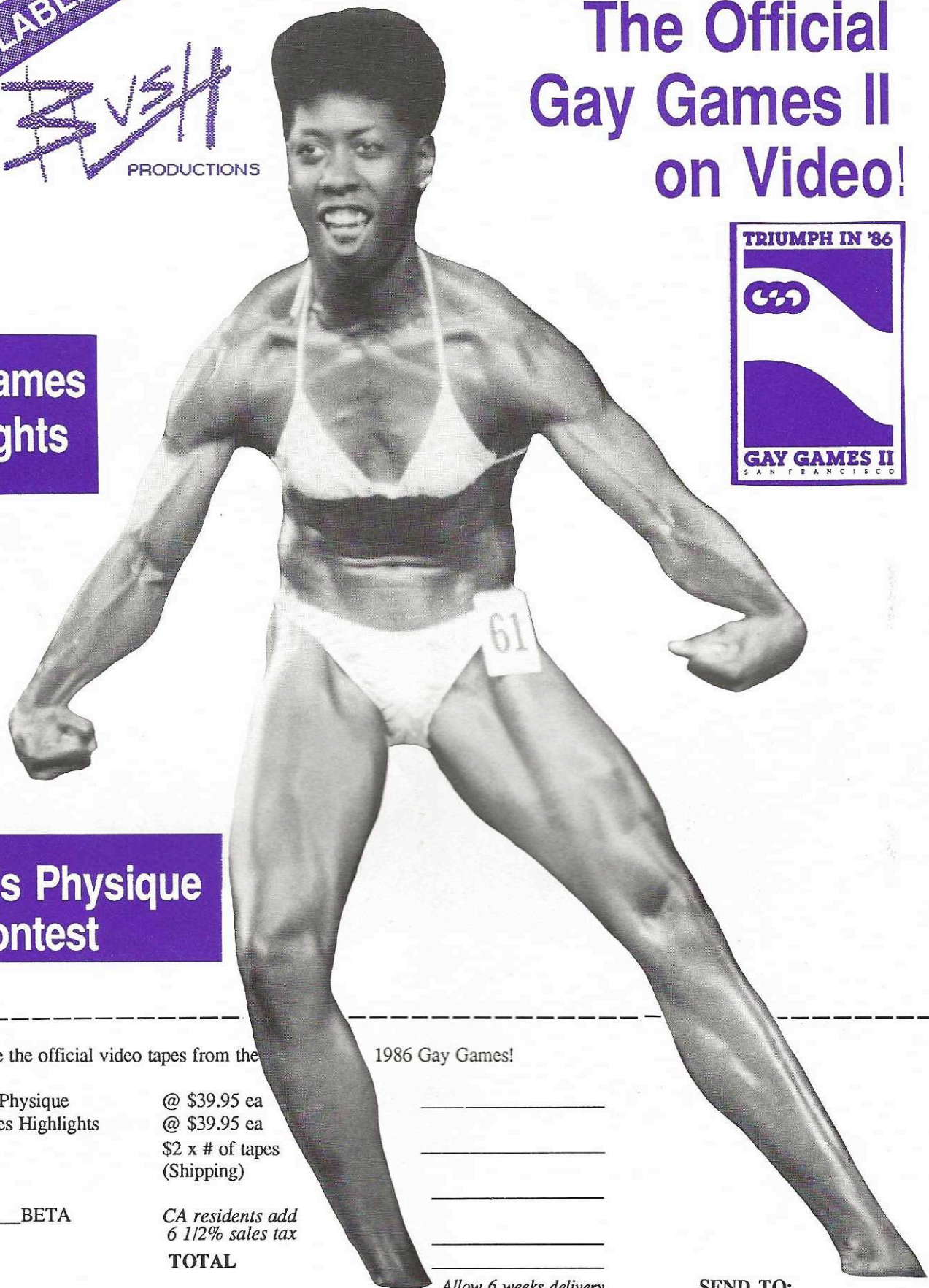


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Yes, back issues are still available for \$5 a copy (includes first class postage). When ordering, indicate issue:  
Summer '84, Fall '84, Winter '85, Fall '85, Winter '86, Spring '86, Summer '86. (Spring & Summer '85 sold out)



# Letters

I purchased my first copy of *On Our Backs* yesterday from "Lambda Passages", Miami, Florida. The photos are breathtaking and the stories excellent. I was beginning to think I was a minority within a minority--being tired of reading lesbian stories, heterosexual style--yet feeling guilty as hell at the "Women Against Porn" meetings. I love adventure and fantasy, and your magazine keeps me on edge from cover to cover. Start my subscription ASAP. Thanks.

Mary  
Miami, Florida

Last week a local feminist author announced to a conference of hundreds of people that her book was available at Giovanni's Room, "if you can stand the pornography in there." Curiously, she meant not the loads of gay men's porn, but *On Our Backs* and *Outrageous Women*. Giovanni's Room sells at least 200 *On Our Backs* for every copy we sell of her book.

Ed  
Giovanni's Room  
Philadelphia, PA

Just read your Summer 86 issue and loved every bit of it. My lover and I just love your mag. We just can't do without it. We read it together and make love all night afterward.

Marianne & Diane  
Rosedale, NY

As a young, relatively "new-to-this" lesbian, I would like to thank you for your erotic, and bold publication. My lover introduced me to several of your back issues and it has been *obsession* ever since. After reading the Spring 86 issue I had to write and express my appreciation. Nancy Langor's article on "Butch/Femme Astrology" was amusing and had a definite ring of truth. The "What's your sign?" equivalents described myself, my lover, and many of my friends to an absolute "T". Now, I just have to wonder whether or not an "aggressive femme" can find true happiness with an "old-fashioned femme".

In the meantime, I will spend some of my precious energies developing my own fantasies. You've opened up a whole new world for me...

Amy  
Richmond, VA

After attending Susie Bright's sex toy demonstration at the Cinema "F" in San Diego in March; I was very excited by thought of employing the new silicone dildoes for my own erotic pleasures!

I would like to thank you for that most informative demonstration in which I had the opportunity to "test" those very powerful magic wands. (That will be my next entertainment investment.) I found the whole evening exciting and enjoyable, and am anxiously awaiting the next time you "Do" San Diego. Happy buzzing!

Robin  
San Diego, CA

I put a personal *On Our Backs* ad in months ago as a dare. A friend and I each dared each other and we both put one in.

Being different, I put in an ad for "No Sex". Several people wrote! One I have met and we hit it off--on a friendship level.

It's great! I used to count the days until when I could start to wait for a reply. The letters came on schedule and I think she looked forward to my letters as I did hers.

looking at your pictorials and saying, "Jesus! My lover looks better than that!" So, being the type that puts my money where my mouth is, I managed (with a little arm-twisting) to get my lover to pose for the remainder of the pictures on my "Christmas roll". I'm not much of a photographer, but I do have access to a 35 mm camera and developing equipment. I am extremely interested in your opinion and also in the exact specifications required for actual submission of photos. I realize that this magazine must cater to a variety of different tastes, and I also know that since she's my lover, I'm naturally prejudiced. So let me know what you think!

Chris  
State College, PA

*On Our Backs* is interested in you, your girlfriends, and your mother! Send us a SASE and we'd be happy to provide Photo guidelines and/or model applications.



My life has changed as a result of the letters. She introduced me to motorcycles and I'm hooked. She asked me to join her to go to the Southern Women's Festival. At the festival I met a woman and soon I will move to Michigan with her to start a life together.

In an indirect way I met somebody thru your ads. Being 'conservative' has paid off. Thank you!

Susan  
Livonia, MI

I don't mean to be obnoxious, but lately I've been

You're the best thing that's happened to Sunday afternoon since I discovered extra-virgin olive oil! I'm desperately awaiting the beginning of my subscription. Please hurry! Thank Goddess for the images of Tattoo Blue (Spring 86), I'm sure they'll keep me squirming till then.

Jeannette  
Florida

The Australian *On Our Backs* fan club is hanging out for some of the toys and videos, etc. you advertise. Is there a store that





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## ON OUR BACKS

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would sell most of these that would be willing to export?

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*The On Our Backs Fan Club*  
Australia

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My favorite story about buying *On Our Backs* concerns my mom and the local feminist bookstore. Mom and the owner are good friends (mom-married, owner-lesbian) which leads to interesting questions to me from mom. Anyway, I was in there one day with Mom and asked to bum some money to buy the magazine and she looked at it, looked at me, said "no, I'll buy it for you." We went to the counter with the lesbian amazon sci-fi books she wanted and the magazine and the owner exclaimed, "Patty, I at least thought that you knew porno was the ultimate exploitation of women..." Mom looks at me scared, newly found consciousness tested, and I replied, "but you're selling it." Owner huffs and puffs and mom asked if it would make her more comfortable if she could put it in a plain wrapper and ended with, "at least it gets her off *Hustler*," and we walked out. Later, among the thousands of questions she was asking (I don't understand some lesbian sci-fi myself) she asked why I liked the mag. I gave her a copy and I haven't gotten it back.  
*Madam X*  
Indy., IN

Here's my renewal, and your mag is well worth it. Keep up the good work! I'll admit, I have had to defend your honor against scurrilous accusations that *On Our Backs* is "only for SM women." I've had to explain that the magazine is for *all* gay women, and that your stories and pictures have something to please (or offend!) any gay woman of any "type" or race. That's part of your appeal--your refusal to define a single "correct" style! All the best.  
*Pam Jones*  
Sepulveda, CA

Why is *On Our Backs* printing pro-het stories: For example, in the Summer '86 issue containing "The Bath", and "72 Hours On a Towel"? Is it turning into a

bisexual publication or what?! I'm holding off purchasing further issues until they are thoroughly inspected in advance from now on. Please respond. I am a seriously concerned *On Our Backs* reader and stone dyke!  
*Alicia Brite*  
Berkeley, CA

Dear Alicia,

You may have gone over our lesbian heads with this one. "The Bath" concludes with the narrator's fantasy of same sex baby making, which is common enough between lesbian couples, and in "72 Hours On a Towel," the two lesbian lovers gossip about and ridicule one of their roommates, who appears to be bisexual. There is no heterosexual activity in either story. If you're so dedicated to finding straight sex in *On Our Backs*, you are revealing more about yourself than you are about our decidedly queer magazine.

Just writing to express yet another feminist's position on the issue of sexual materials

(magazines, dildos, vibrators, and erotic entertainment). I've purchased *On Our Backs* magazine and find it to tastefully represent a total picture of wimmin's sexuality. Though I also am a member of WAP (Women Against Pornography) and subscribe to *Off Our Backs* because I see snuff films and child sexual abuse linked to hard core porn. If ever I see death/murder/forced sex/rape or child sexual abuse pictured in *On Our Backs* I'll truly be sickened.

Someone said there are a lot of frustrated political dykes out here and I agree. I hope there are no amazons/sisters /dykes out here who would participate in such activity as when *Penthouse* portrayed the dead Asian women bound/gaged/raped and dismemberment of limbs and hung from trees. With all my heart I hope there aren't women who get off on raping/killing girls/women against their will.

With all the varied and exciting connections we are making in our lifetimes, we are reclaiming what we once had. For Sexual Freedom, In Journey,  
*Eleanor Predmore*  
Finger Lakes, NY

You will never see death, murder, rape or child abuse depicted in *On Our Backs* because we are a sex magazine. Death, murder, rape and child abuse is violent criminal activity. Those actions have no more to do with sex and sex magazines than maiming and death from automobile accidents have to do with auto magazines. WAP and *Off Our Backs* have formed an entire political theory on the assumption that sex equals violence. However, Susan Brownmiller, feminist author of a book on rape entitled "Against Our Will", identified rape as an act of violence, not sex. The perpetrators of rape get off on the violence, not the sex.

We believe that one reason society so readily accepts the intertwining of sex with violence is because of the social conditioning that awful things happen to sexually active individuals (from burning in hell, to rape, murder, disease, or drug overdoses, etc., ad nauseum). And for women, this conditioning takes on an added sexist slant because women have been taught that to claim our rights and control over our sexuality, (i.e. being sexually informed, an equal participant in sex, and creating their own sexual materials) means being labeled and ostracized from society.

P.S. The Asian woman in *Penthouse* was not dead. She was not raped, nor were her limbs dismembered. It is these kinds of lies that discredit anti-porn crusaders. If you believe that pornographers are killers, then you think that models in sex magazines are forced and killed. If, on the other hand, you believe pornographers try to recreate human sexuality to the best of their ability under restrictive social and legal conditions, then you believe that the actresses and models are alive, vital, and actively lend their creative talents to such work.



Toys for Us

# RUB-A-DUB GUMBO

Susie Bright

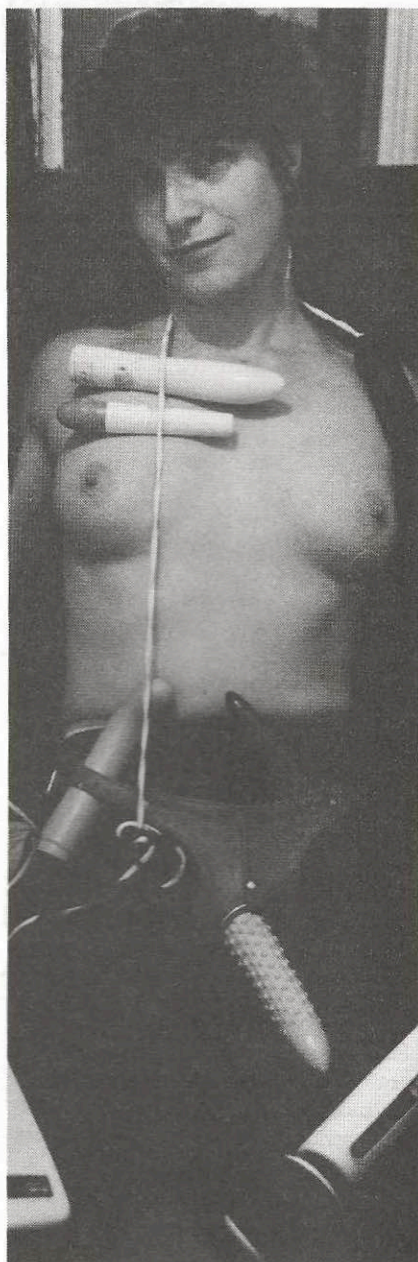
*What do New Orleans,  
tribadism and a  
cucumber patch have  
in common?*

Well, *Cher*, I am just back from the French Quarter and the funniest things seem to make sense together. I had only the tiniest taste of New Orleans during the weekend I spent there, but it was also one of the sweetest.

Officially, I was in Louisiana for the American Bookseller's Convention (ABA), where all your neighborhood bookshop people rendezvous with every publisher in the business. I was working for the small but provocative *Down There Press*, which clearly had the best button of the convention: "A Whole Book About What?---Anal Pleasure and Health." Of course I also had a big stack of *On Our Backs*, and the ABA provided a terrific

chance for me to talk to all the booksellers who handle our mag.

Unofficially, the theme of this year's ABA was censorship. I was really floored to hear censorship horror stories about *Penthouse*, astrology books, and *On Our Backs* all happening in the same breath! For example, one bookshop owner, of a very progressive persuasion (most independent bookstores are at least on the liberal side) arrived one morning to find his windows painted "This Store Loves Violence Against Women". Later in the afternoon he's got a hell fire and brimstone mother threatening to sue the store for "making my son into a homosexual", after said queer son purchased some gay literature. Then



Shari Cohen

comes in a group of "concerned citizens" who purportedly want *Playboy* off the shelves, but when pressed for details, reveal that they also want all the astrology, tarot, and Eastern religion books out the door, too.

The bookshop clerk pleads, "But our store provides a whole body of spiritual literature. We even have several versions of the Christian Bible.

Concerned Citizens are not impressed. They quote: "There is only ONE bible".

And just to ice the cake, a local feminist author who is scheduled for a special reading appearance, says she won't attend unless *On Our Backs* and other sexually explicit lit is taken off the shelves. Hey--I bet she's got one bible, too!

Ladies, I didn't know whether to throw up or throw punches. For the record, Susie Sexpert would like to put all censors on notice that I consider their efforts totalitarian piggery, and their horror of explicit sexuality is a thin veneer for their own ignorance and hypocritical morality. Hmnpf!

In contrast to the hubbub in the convention center, New Orleans was a deep luxurious bath of eroticism. Society there does not seem to have a work ethic, they have a pleasure ethic. Everything is very old there, and slightly smelling of decay--the root word of decadence. Gay life is a perfect example. On one hand lots of women complained to me of a stifling atmosphere, racial segregation (gee, we wouldn't know about that in California), "I'm the only leather dyke in town", "That's the South for you", etc. The gay ghetto is thriving, but it remains much to itself, and those who are out of the closet are that way because they never leave the Quarter. The silver lining to this phenomena is you do feel like you are entering a magical city within a city. Once a year, the magic takes over and Queerness Reigns Supreme. Mardi Gras is the ultimate gender fuck holiday. The rest of the year, the community plans for Mardi Gras, or in any case never completely gets off the social wheel of parties, picnics, raffles, and special services. I have NO idea how any work gets done around here. There's the bars, and then there's the gay churches and they rule the roost between them. One woman remarked how N.O. bartenders serve as the role models and gay community leaders, which gave me a big laugh, but I'm sure it's true.

*Charlene's* is one of the oldest and best known places in town, and I



thought the owner, Charlene herself, was a pearl to bring a cold bucket of champagne to the gay bookshop opening that featured myself and two Naiad Press authors as special guests. *Fauburg Marigny* is a small, non-airconditioned, but totally delightful gay bookshop recently reopened by Alan Robinson.

My favorite person in New Orleans (I hope I don't get in trouble for saying it) is Brenda Laura, who recently took over the old *Pinos* bar, now *The Other Side*. Why do I like Brenda so much? The night I met her she was hosting the gay ABA party at her club. She had on a red silk dress, red velvet pumps with little jewels on them, and the most extraordinary gold pendant around her neck. It was a little figurine of a naked woman on a swing with a diamond shining right where her clit would be. Of course, I had to inquire about this little item. Brenda asked me if I'd been down Bourbon Street yet, which is The Party Avenue and features several strip shows. One burlesque house there has a come-on where a pair of paper-mache naked ladies' legs swing out over your head from an opening in their awning, while the sound of laughter and tinkling glasses plays in the background. This Venus in a Swing was the inspiration of Ms. Laura's pendant. I don't think I need say more.

The best club I went to was not a girl's place, but is very welcoming to women. In fact, they held a party for local feminist author Bode Noonan (I'm waiting for that centerfold, Bode) the first night I went there. It's called *The Country Club*, appropriately enough, and I squealed with pleasure to approach it the first time: a big old southern mansion overtaken by vines and blossoms, with a generous porch swing on the veranda. Two of the rooms inside are furnished as bars. One has a rack of sexy boys' magazines, and I stuck in a few *On Our Backs* for good measure. The other rooms are for lounging or dancing, and at the back you enter an enormous garden, with a huge play pool, hot tub, locker, and a weight room. Beware Yankee, this is not a Yuppie spa! It is graciously dilapidated and funky like every other antique location in N.O.. It is hotter than hell and the cockroaches are as long as your fingers. I loved every minute of it.

I have a whole other salty adventure about attending the  
(continued on page 38)



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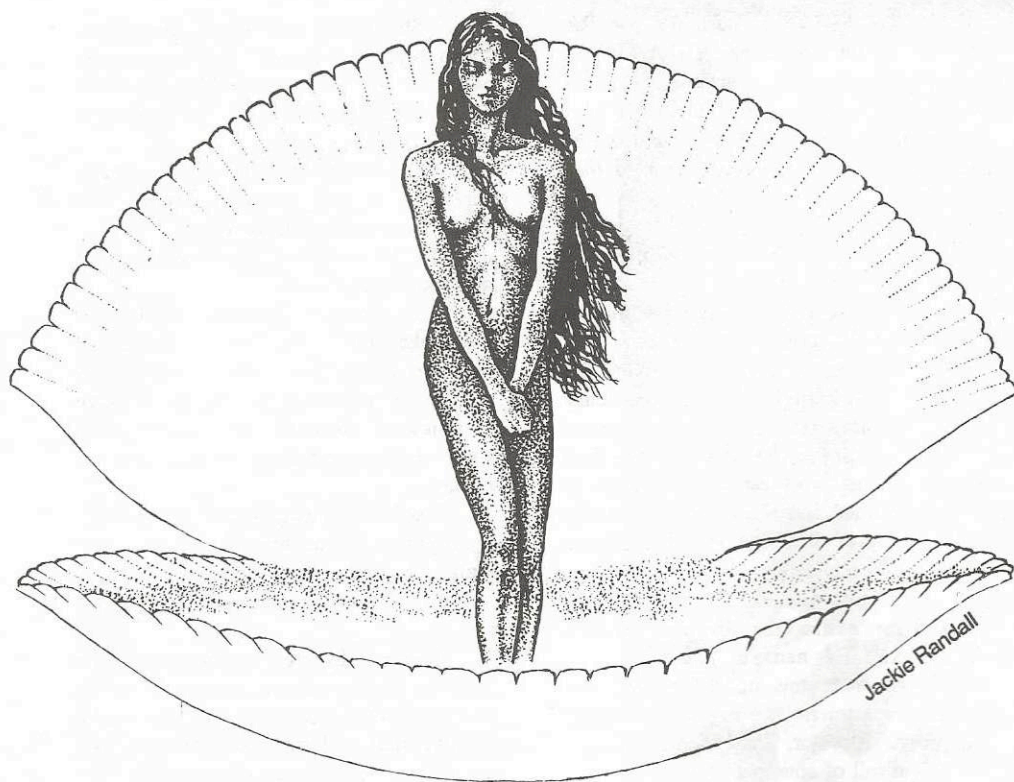
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# THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN TOWN

Romy O.

"I want you to fuck me," she whispered, "J'ai envie de toi." She took my hand, sucked my fingers and wrapped long bare arms around me. Suzanne, the most beautiful girl in town, so tall and cool, so confident and careful like a heroine in a Japanese comicbook, and she wanted me to fuck her. Her apartment was full of flowers

and a view of upper Manhattan; the Chrysler building peach-colored in the evening, elegant and majestic, beautiful, like Suzanne's breathing.

"Come on," she said, pulling me down onto the floor, smiling and smelling so good, like watermelon and peppery cologne. "I want to make love." She kissed me, and gave me her tongue, her hands in my shirt squeezing my nipples taut, tugging my hair and tearing open my Levis. She caressed my stomach and my thighs inside of my bluejeans, and with a little smile, she licked her lips and kissed me again, her mouth tasting like wine and sugar. Leaning above me on her outstretched arms, Suzanne drew in a breath, pushed her body against me, and brought my hand to the buttons of her grey trousers. Her eager sex was already wet, thick hair honey wet, and when I pushed into her she gave a low moan, her clit hard and full like a fruit. I filled my hand with her and pulled her close, her heart whamming against my chest, our clothes rustling amidst the sounds of our breathing. When I pulled at her white undershirt Suzanne gave me no help, but pushed away her trousers instead, pressed her soaking sex to mine, moving her hips and sucking my neck. Currents of excitement rushed

through me, rocked my body, while I held her tightly, forced my hand beneath her and rubbed her warm clit, making her cry out into my ear. She began to touch me, in little expert circles, and I spilled onto her hand, shuddering and clenching my teeth, my head resting on the floor.

Upside down, out of the open windows were airplanes flying over the Chrysler building, all lit up like us, into the blue. I sucked salt from Suzanne's neck, clung to her little ass, breathing in her watermelon and pepper. Her hips thrust into mine, she shivered and laughed, told me she was drowning. She moved rhythmically against me, pressing her face too tightly into my shoulder. Pulling away, she plunged two fingers deeply into me, hard, in a tear of pleasure. I fought to hold myself back another instant by diverting my mind to other things, to fruit stalls and taxicabs, noontime lines at Manufacturers Hanover Trust. But I was unable in spite of myself to resist arching my body to meet her, her twisting and panting, moaning my name and embarrassing me. Breathlessly she begged me, "I can't wait, can't wait," pushing into me with her fingers, and I kissed her, beating her clit faster and harder, her frantic groans vibrating in my mouth.

Then she came, crying out and filling my hand with thick creamy honey come. Her entire body shook while she stroked me to heartstopping orgasm. I came and came, her fingers deep inside of me. Her lips brushed my damp forehead, and she lay upon me, our bodies sticking. Never in my life had I come so hard, never in my life.

"Is this what they do in France?" I asked her.

Suzanne laughed. "I thought," she said, "That this is what they do in America."

She got up, "I will make coffee now, good?" and she went off to the kitchen, leaving me to wander about the darkening room, bending to smell the flowers, and looking out on a brilliant Manhattan.



*Sexpoint*

\$65

Marjan Sax

*Marjan Sax is a journalist for the Dutch lesbian magazine, DIVA. DIVA published several articles about prostitution in a recent issue, and Ms. Sax decided that a little first-hand client experience was called for. She filed this report:*

The prostitute has a pleasant voice on the phone. I explain that I got her number from a mutual friend, but I stumble a little over my words. "Can I discuss it over the phone?" I ask shyly. It is more scary than I had thought. She wants to know if I am a lesbian, because she has had female clients who came 'just to try it with a woman' and she doesn't want any more of that. I assure her that I have excellent credentials.

"Do you want extra?" she asks. It is \$25 for a massage and another \$40 for the extra. Her name is "Nancy".

I enter the impressive hall of Nancy's apartment-building on a Sunday afternoon. Elevator, Third Floor.

I feel full of anticipation.

She is tall and blond, blue eyes, wears stylish jeans and a blouse made of lace. Not exactly the kind of girl I usually have as a friend, but not very different either.

The room is a bit sterile: couch, cupboard, a neat row of books, and dinner table in the kitchen corner.

In the middle of the floor is a big mattress covered by a sheet.

I sit down at the dinner table, and she makes Indian tea for us. I tell her in more detail that I want to write an article for a lesbian magazine. I have interviewed several prostitutes, with whom I discussed the idea of women as clients.

It suddenly dawns on me that I am a prototypical client myself: I am here alone, I really don't feel like making out in bars and I could do with some sex....

Nancy tells me that she works in a massage parlor several nights a week. It is exclusively for men, but she would like to start a female clientele as long as it does not get too close to her own circle of friends. We talk a little about her work in the parlor. A client pays \$25 to the owner, she gets \$6. For that she gives the massage and asks if they want 'extra'. The price is negotiable; every girl does her own negotiations. \$40 is the minimum, but when a Texas oil-farmer walks in, or a man in an expensive suit, she immediately asks a hundred.

"It took me a while to get used to it, but now I can deal with it fine."

After half an hour I get a bit restless. After all, this is not a regular interview.

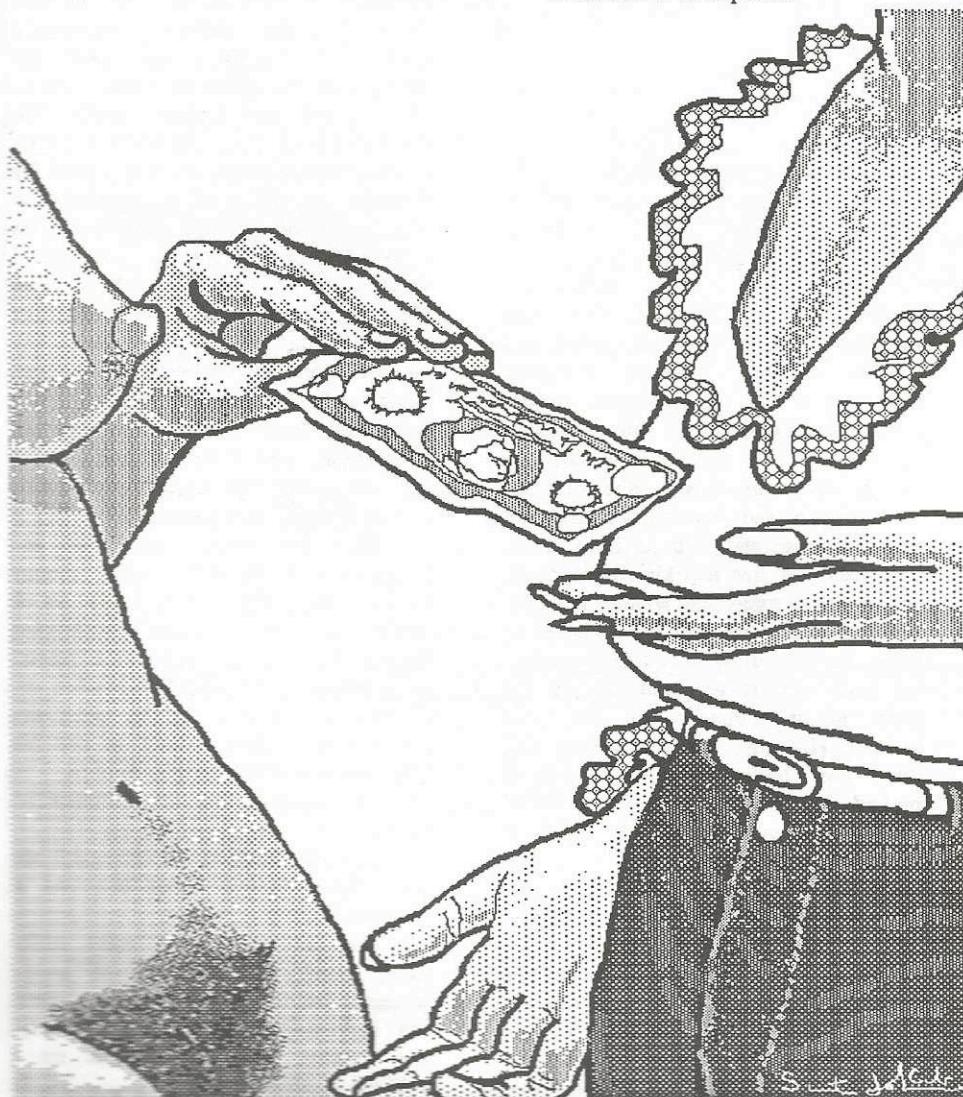
She notices, and says she has to get the towels from the dryer. I can take a shower in the meantime and hang my clothes over the chair.

I undress and take my shower. When I enter the room again, Nancy says with a smile, "We will do it the right way, money first, \$25 for the massage." I put the bills on the table straight away. I had them ready in my pocket. Then I lie down on the mattress.

This feels like a present for myself. Nancy is nice, a massage and 'extra', what else do I want?

"You are in good shape," she says appreciatingly. I agree.

She starts massaging my back, my legs, my ass, good and thorough. Once in while she enters my cunt from behind in the same matter of fact way she treats the rest of my body. Great, exactly what I always miss with a



Macpaintedgraphic by Sarita Johnson



regular massage. I groan a bit to let her know that I would like her to do it a bit more. But she doesn't. She builds it up.

We chat a little, but I don't really want that, I'd rather dream away.

After a while I have to turn over. I do it grudgingly. The front is a lot more vulnerable after all. She massages my fingers, arms, everything gets its turn, legs, stomach, my cunt again. I really get excited, it is wonderful to be passive, I hope this will go on for hours. Soft music plays in the background.

After a while she says: "Well, would you like the extra now?" I giggle and imagine the men at the massage-parlour. There is no escape. I am so turned on that the thought of not getting off is absolutely unbearable. "How much?" I ask, quasi-experienced, but we had already made a deal over the phone.

She sits next to me on the mattress and to my great surprise starts to undress. I suddenly realize that I had not thought of that. The massage turned me on so much that I just assumed she would do me with her fingers. "Extra" to me meant being allowed to come. I did not need more than that.

She asks me to help her with her bra, a black one. Clumsily, I mess around with the thing. She undresses, except for a miniscule tanga, and lies down on me, softly kissing my neck.

I am confused, suddenly having a strange body all over me.

I tell her that I would like to remain passive. "That's all right, don't worry," she says.

Slowly she slides down my stomach, moving gently, and begins to lick my cunt.

Now I have to make up my mind. I'd better stop worrying, or I'll miss all the fun.

I surrender.

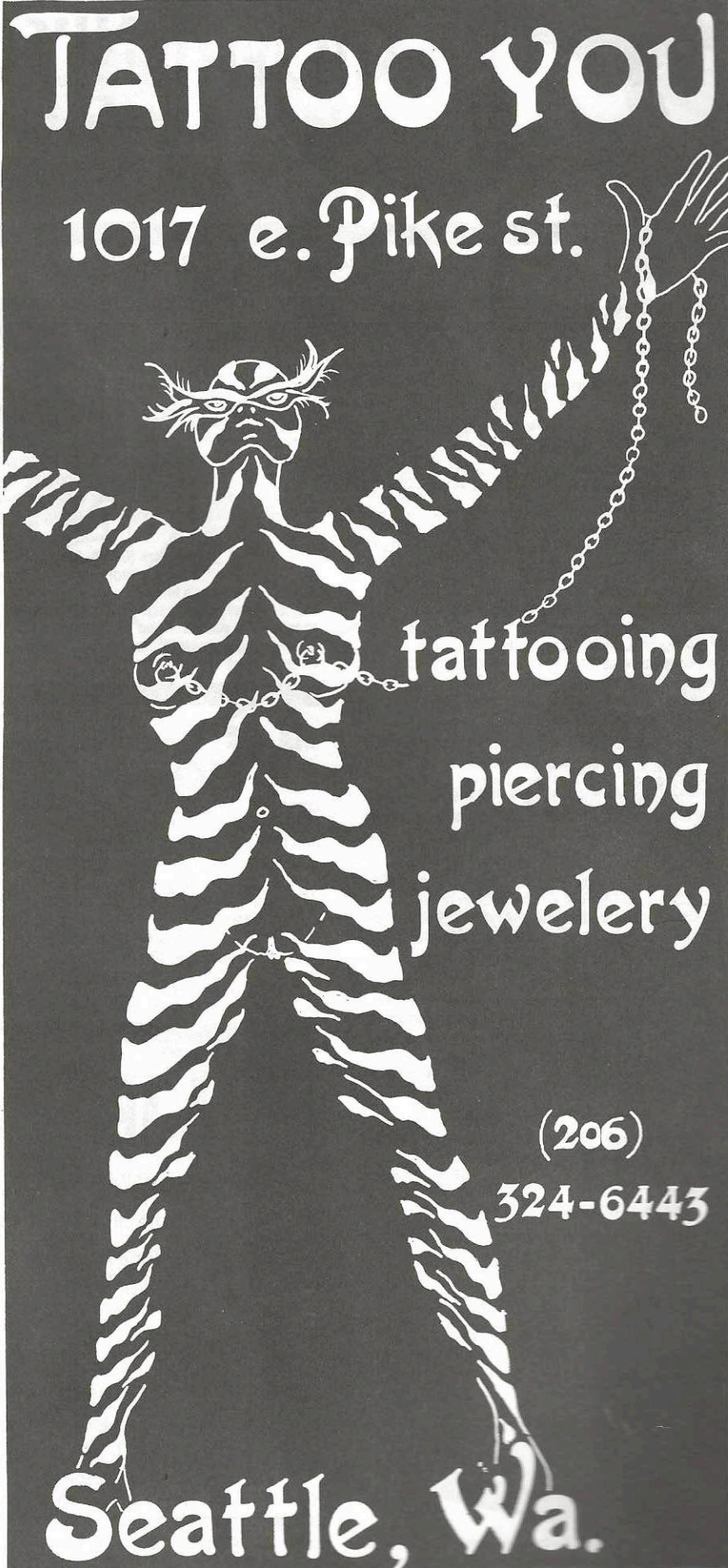
Some time later we smoke a cigarette together, both relaxed. I am relieved and cheerful. Vaguely, I feel that she may have expected a little more action from me, but I don't discuss it.

Suddenly, I realize that I have been here for more than two hours, "much too long for what I pay."

When I get out from under the shower, Nancy is wearing a white bathrobe, and the mattress is gone.

Do you kiss a prostitute when you leave?

I say goodbye somewhat maladroit.



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# GIOVANNI'S ROOM

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FALL/WINTER 1986

## FICTION & POETRY

**BELINDA** by Anne Rice writing as Anne Rampling (Arbor House), 10/86, 352 pp., \$17.95 cl. An erotic new novel; the story of a young runaway, Belinda, and her secret world that includes a legendary film star, a young lesbian film director, a seductive hair stylist and a famous illustrator of children's books whom she seduces. A spellbinding novel of seduction and forbidden love.

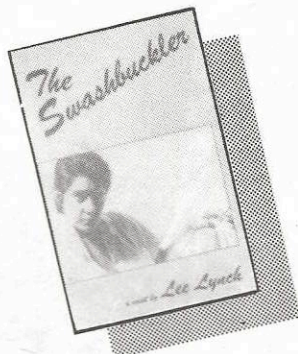
**EXIT TO EDEN**, by Anne Rampling (Dell), 1985, 308 pp., \$3.95 pb. Written pseudonymously by Anne Rice (*The Vampire Lestat, Cry to Heaven*), this novel centers on a Caribbean "club" where people go to have "the sexual vacation of their dreams." This is extremely well-written heterosexual erotica where Lisa, the administrator of the club, dominates.

**CHARLEYHORSE**, by Cecil Dawkins (Viking/Penguin), due 10/86, 288 pp., \$6.95 pb. A lesbian novel set on a ranch in Kansas. Billie and her daughter, Charley, vie for attention and love. When Juna, the new second-grade teacher arrives as a boarder in their home, an alliance between Charley and Juna is formed that enlivens Charley's world.

**THE FEMALE MAN**, by Joanna Russ (Beacon), 1986 (1975), 224 pp., \$7.95 pb. Finally back in print! This is one of the most important works of feminist science fiction ever written. It provides a witty and subversive analysis of the power men hold over women in our society.

**THE JOURNEY**, by Ann Cameron (Spinsters/Aunt Lute), due 8/86, 314 pp., \$7.95 pb. A reprint of a wonderful novel; it follows two women Anne and Sarah as they cross the Canadian wilderness in the late 1800's. A fast-paced story of their love for each other and their adventures as they struggle to survive.

**LESBIAN LETTERS**, by Christine Heron Stockton (Heron Press), 1986, 137 pp., \$8.95 pb. Written in the form of fictional letters to parents, friends, lovers, clergy, etc., this book opens up a wide range of feelings, thoughts, and issues that confront us.



**HOME IN YOUR HANDS**, by Lee Lynch (Naiad), due fall/86, \$7.95 pb. New, short stories by the author of *The Swashbuckler* (\$7.95 pb.) and *Toothpick House* (\$7.95 pb.). Many of these stories follow up on the lives of characters in these books. She gives us images of dyke sobriety in and out of bars.

**LIVING AS A LESBIAN: POETRY**, by Cheryl Clarke (Firebrand), 1986, 94 pp., \$6.95 pb. Clarke writes variations on the themes of blackness, anger, violence, loss, loneliness, lesbianism, and sex. The images are strong, stunning and hot.

**THE SHARPEST EDGE**, by S.M. Stirling and Shirley Meier (Signet), 1986, 255 pp., \$2.95 pb. New sci-fi set in the distant future after the great holocaust; ShKaira and her dagger-wielding companion Megan, consummate thief and mistress of the arts of illusion, find themselves cast into a life and death struggle over a precarious balance of power in their dominion. Some explicit sex and high adventure.

**THE SHELF**, by Kay Dick (GMP), 1986, 109 pp., \$6.50 pb. "The shelf" is a repository in the coroner's office where Cassandra's letters to Anne had first been lodged. It was all so long ago - but Cass has been unable to forget the passion Anne had roused in her, their brief affair and the mystery that ended it. A powerful, well-written novel.

## NON-FICTION

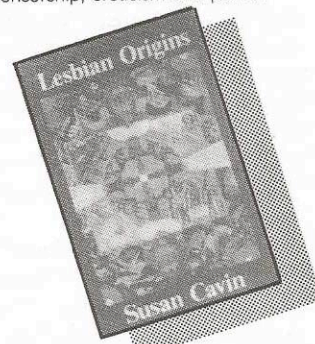
**DYKES TO WATCH OUT FOR: Cartoons**, by Alison Bechdel, (Firebrand), Fall 1986, 80 pp., \$6.95 pb. These now famous cartoons about modern lesbian life nudge you from smile through giggle, to raucous guffaw.

**PLEASURES OF LOVING: THE EROTIC FANTASIES AND EXPERIENCES OF 52 FRENCH WOMEN**, ed. by Francoise Ducout, trans. from French by Nicholas Courtin (St. Martins), 1986, 192pp., \$13.95 pb. Taken mostly from "Elle", a popular French women's magazine, these are heterosexual fantasies.

**LESBIAN ETIQUETTE: Humorous Essays**, by G. Sausser (Crossing), 1986, 95pp., \$6.95pb. A delightful collection about everything from her fantasies as a "be-dike", "De-Dyking the Apartment", "Ways to Dump Your Lover", "Seduction in Perspective", and more!

**NAMING THE VIOLENCE: SPEAKING OUT ABOUT LESBIAN BATTERING** ed. by Kerry Lobel (Sea), 1986, \$10.95pb. This book is by and for battered lesbians and those who work to support their empowerment. Lobel alternates personal histories with commentary counselors, activists, and others.

**SEX, POWER AND PLEASURE**, by Mariana Valverde (The Women's Press), 1985, 212pp., \$8.95 pb. Exploding many traditional notions of sexuality, this book investigates the sexual lives of women today, and unravels the stormy debates around the issues of pornography, censorship, eroticism and power.



**LESBIAN ORIGINS**, BY Susan Cavin (ISM), 1986, 288pp., \$9.00pb. Originally the author's doctoral dissertation, this is an important new work that challenges patriarchal organization of society and posits that lesbianism is the basis of culture. Should be on your "essential reading" list

# GIOVANNI'S ROOM

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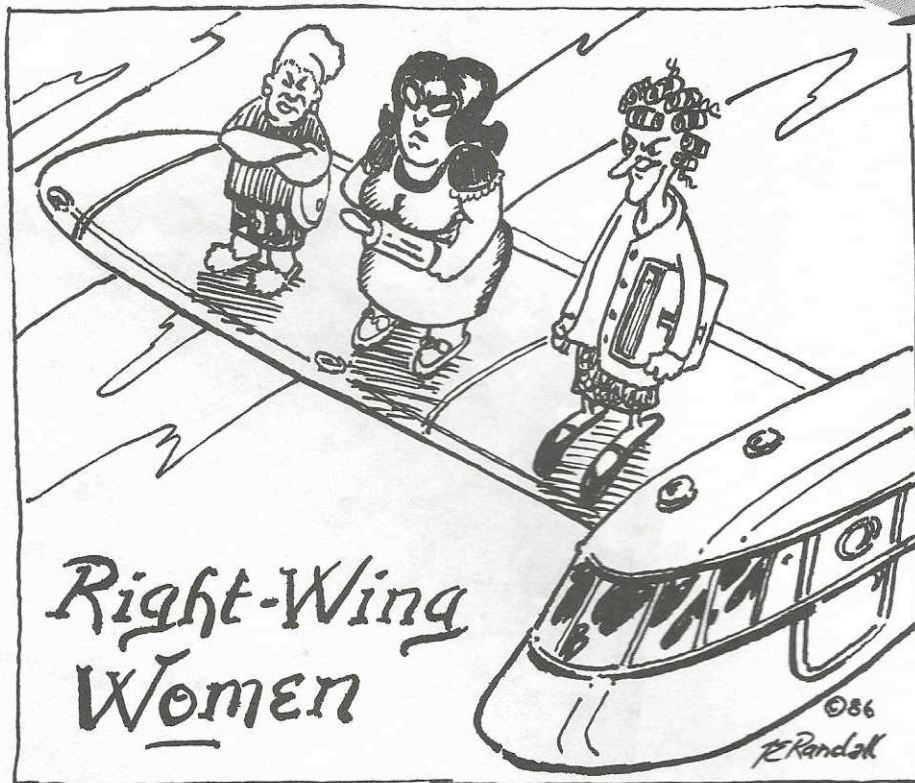
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Patrice Donnelly, who lit up the screens as the agile track star in "Personal Best" is easy enough to find. She is presently working as an instructor at the Lakewood Family Fitness Center just outside of Los Angeles, and is set to grace the screens again in a new film "American Anthem". Do we have enough women out there to charter a bus to Lakewood?



**Gay Games II** was held Aug 9-17 in San Francisco. Over 3,200 athletes from 24 states and nine countries competed in such sports as physique, cycling, softball, billiards, tennis, wrestling and basketball. Mayor Diane Feinstein told the 10,000 spectators at the Opening Ceremonies, "We are proud to have you here, and don't let anyone tell you we aren't."

**Bound Together**, a collectively run anarchist bookstore in San Francisco, found several copies of the last issue of *On Our Backs* stickered with vicious objections to the magazine's contents. Lawrence (a collective member) exhorted: "We have had difficulty with the censure in the past. She objected to a chicken barbecue by writing 'murderer' and other abuse on paper plates. We really don't appreciate people harassing our bookstore." The mad stickerer has since been identified as a young heterosexual college freshman. Perhaps Human Sexuality 101 would be a good course for our little straight sister to take in the Fall.

**Common Lives Lesbian Lives** a quarterly journal out of Iowa which has been printed in the past by the now defunct Iowa City Women's Press, sought a bid from Thompson-Shore in Dexter, Michigan. The response was "(Your magazine)... would not be appropriate for us to print. The contents of the stories as well as the pictures are...too close to pornography." Happily, the collective at CL/LL found a printer for their fifth anniversary issue, which featured a striking pictorial of lesbians making love.

A Santa Cruz ranger has filed suit for sexual harassment against his co-workers at Skylark Girl Scouts Camp. Alleging that he was sexually harassed by Lesbian counselors, Ranger Morgan complained that they called him a "fat male chauvinist pig" and fondled each other in his presence. Morgan is asking \$500,000 for discrimination, \$500,000 for intentional infliction of emotional duress, and \$25,000 for overtime and medical expenses. He does not claim that he saw the women have sex, or even talk about it, but he does say that he saw them hug, kiss and sunbathe nude.

California State of Appeal ruled recently that unless artificial insemination is processed by a doctor, a sperm donor can claim paternity rights. Does that mean turkey basters will only be available by prescription? Once again, women's control of our bodies has been usurped by the medical establishment.

**Quote of the month from Andrea Dworkin:** "You know if we accept the terms which sex now exists, life seems not worth living, and that seems very strange to me. Sex was real, real important to me at various times in my life." Perhaps sex therapy instead of sexual politics would be more helpful to Ms. Dworkin.

#### The National Federation for

Decency began picketing and boycotting stores that carried their definition of pornographic magazines on Mother's Day. A spokesman for the group in explaining their missions, said "There's a large segment of society that would like to walk into a store and be able to buy an explicit homosexual magazine." Congratulations, boys, you got it right!

**Liberty Books**, a gay bookstore in Austin, Texas, has recently been the object of regular Thursday night picketing by Citizens For Decency. The right-wing group demands the bookstore close in order to save the population from contracting AIDS. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the group focuses their attention on the local porn establishments. Groups like Citizens Against Pornouse detailed instructions found in the Meese Commission's Report on Pornography on how to stage community watches and citizen pickets.

-Mary Dowd  
-Fanny Fatale



# RESCUE Me

Photography by RA















THE END



minns

"What do *you* think? Ms. Herden!"

The voice snapped me out of the dream like a quick slap.

"I'm sorry, could you repeat...?" I sat up clearing my throat and head at the same time. I felt the blush burn like a new tattoo. Shit, caught again!

"Olive Chancellor; what is your assessment of James' character Olive Chancellor--in *The Bostonians*--did you read the book for today's class?"

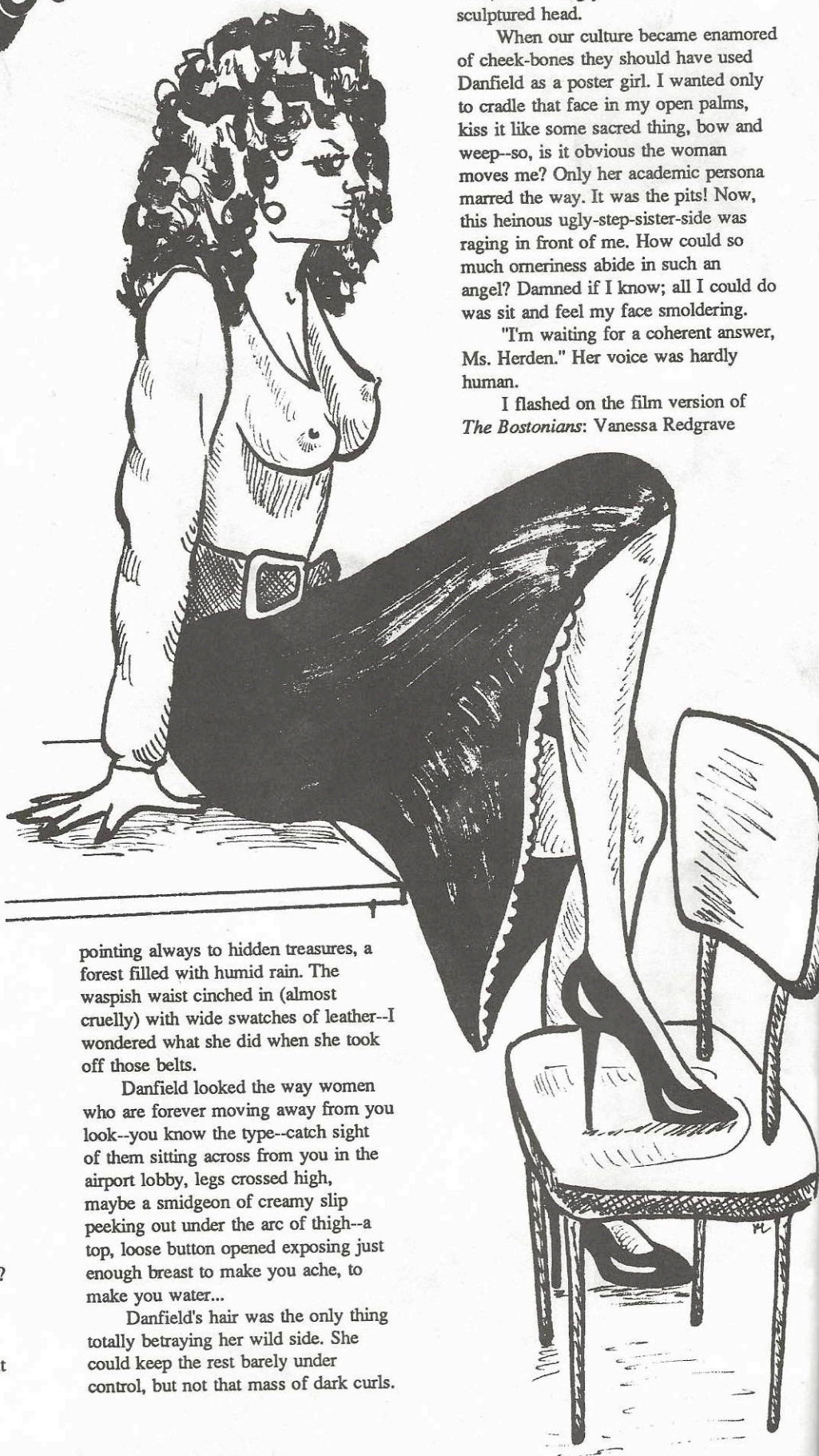
I hadn't. I'd meant to, but there was the party at Morty's dorm and then we managed some fine weed on the way to the bar; after that I woke up in the arms of a plaster reproduction of Athena in the art library's basement. I just had time to make it to Danfield's class; you'd think it would be enough, I mean, seeing that I usually miss about forty-percent of my morning classes, this should be taken as a rare compliment. Danfield didn't take it that way.

What a joke...Danfield was the one prof that I wanted to truly impress. She was who I wanted to be (or at least to bed) by the time I was thirty.

Professor Danfield was one of those women who comes into their prime in their forties--ripe, lush as a garden, full. She made you think "sex" just by being in the same lecture hall. It was the only reason I'd taken everything she offered (in the way of classes) and had dreamt about everything she hadn't.

Maybe it was the high-heels: stilettos every day, each pair perfectly coordinated to her outfit. Who had ever dressed that way at this college before her? Then, the clothes, not exactly dress-for-success tweeds and cords. No way. Every ensemble Danfield owned was electric, clinging, and begging to be stroked. How many mornings did she make bearable by wearing those fabrics that hugged each luscious curve? How many seminars made tolerable because of silk and satin chemise lace outlined at the rise of her breasts?

She made me ache. The long, tight legs, dipping up and under her dress,



pointing always to hidden treasures, a forest filled with humid rain. The waspish waist cinched in (almost cruelly) with wide swatches of leather--I wondered what she did when she took off those belts.

Danfield looked the way women who are forever moving away from you look--you know the type--catch sight of them sitting across from you in the airport lobby, legs crossed high, maybe a smidgeon of creamy slip peeking out under the arc of thigh--a top, loose button opened exposing just enough breast to make you ache, to make you water...

Danfield's hair was the only thing totally betraying her wild side. She could keep the rest barely under control, but not that mass of dark curls.

Another jungle, it cascaded over her shoulders needing, always, to be brushed back by an intense flick of the hand or, if those hands were full, a wild, almost angry toss of her sculptured head.

When our culture became enamored of cheek-bones they should have used Danfield as a poster girl. I wanted only to cradle that face in my open palms, kiss it like some sacred thing, bow and weep--so, is it obvious the woman moves me? Only her academic persona marred the way. It was the pits! Now, this heinous ugly-step-sister-side was raging in front of me. How could so much omeriness abide in such an angel? Damned if I know; all I could do was sit and feel my face smoldering.

"I'm waiting for a coherent answer, Ms. Herden." Her voice was hardly human.

I flashed on the film version of *The Bostonians*: Vanessa Redgrave



making out with this younger woman. Now I remembered.

"Well, Olive Chancellor is interesting because, ah, well, she's a lesbian and it was unusual in those days to..."

The class went into apoplexy. Mass coronary. No one could believe I said this aloud. This is a *woman's college*--you might live the gay life but you *definitely* didn't talk about it, not in an honor's English class anyway. I watched Danfield's face go to ash. We were saved by the clock. There was only silence as people shuffled out, still in shock. I was farthest from the exit, trapped. I began to fiddle with my knapsack, pretending to look for something of consequence. I heard the door close and then an ominous clickclickclick. A pair of approaching high heels...suddenly I was staring at silk-stockinged ankles, smooth calves up and over the perfect knees to the edge of heaven. I straightened up and locked into that steely gaze.

Danfield uttered only one word: "Detention."

It was enough.

She left to the taptaptap of her heels and I was alone. I watched in agony, as that fine, wool-sheathed woman departed, the material tugging merrily across her beautiful buttocks. Danfield in retreat is a rare and holy sight. Even the dreaded "detention" can't mar that. At least not for the moment.

Detention: did they still have detention in college? I couldn't remember anyone ever mentioning it in my three and a half years here. But it was the appointed hour, and as the building cleared out to the sound of the bell tower chimes, I was left with the prospect of no dinner and a snarling Danfield.

My boots were sorrowful, a kind of a soulful Clint Eastwood click as I approached her office. What would she make me do, read the chapter aloud in front of her? Write "I will remember my assignments" one hundred times on the board? Wash her car? Hmmm, suddenly the possibility of standing around Danfield for a few extra hours didn't seem so horrendous. On the other hand, what if she called the Dean, or worse, my parents?

I knocked politely, flashing back to Catholic school and visions of hell.

"Come in." The voice was pure street gravel. This woman is NOT in a pleasant mood. Thoughts of spending sweet moments contemplating her



remarkable legs were banished.

"Sit down." It was a command, not a suggestion.

I sat.

Danfield came out from behind the expanse of desk. Christ, even though I'm quaking, she still MOVES me--like some Amazonian warrior scouting for the day's kill. That night, I'm it, or feeling like it as she came and sat on the edge.

Now, close enough for me to identify the perfume she wears behind each knee, Danfield crossed her legs and gave me a heart-thumping peek at what I'd only imagined! My head was practically on the same level as her magnificent cunt. It was a very sweet obscenity. I drank it in. She, unbelievably, arched her back, giving rise to those succulent breasts. I could see the shadowed nipples clearly drawn beneath her blouse. My own nipples ached. I closed my eyes.

My heart moved south of my navel, the beat/pulse loud enough for her to notice, I'm sure. The delicious hunger began its insidious crawl. The crotch of my levis moistened. The seam between my legs was excruciating, pressed, as it was, against those throbbing lips. If I moved I would moan, so, I didn't move.

Danfield's voice finally broke in: "You've taken all of my classes so far this year, haven't you? In each I've noticed...your insubordination...your sarcasm posing as 'wit'...and that...insouciant butch 'charm'...well, my dear, perhaps it works with my colleagues but it will get you nowhere with me!"

I opened my eyes, aghast! This couldn't be happening. I noticed, although it wasn't inordinantly warm (except between my legs), a trickle of perspiration beginning above Danfield's left temple. I watched it, mesmerized. I also watched the swinging of that crossed leg, back and forth, back and forth, pressing, releasing, then pressing again. I wondered if I only imagined the sounds of wet flesh emanating from under that skirt?

"You realize I can't let this continue, not in front of the others. Today was the final straw. You must be...punished. I wasn't sure until this morning, but when it became totally clear, I was left with no alternative. Stand up, Ms. Herden." Her voice filled with more than commands. Husky, heavy, slow, just as slow as those

(continued on page 38)



# gift of the DJ

Lotta N

Three or four drinks. Three consecutive Friday nights. I had developed a serious crush on one of the bartenders at our local hot spot. She looked seductively Mediterranean with dark curly hair, sea-deep blue eyes, and skin the color of a sandy beach in late afternoon. She was tall, solidly built, and often wore boxer shorts behind the bar. She always wore tight t-shirts with the sleeves ripped off, exposing long arms covered with a thick forest of fine black hair. I'd catch myself staring at those strong arms as they poured drinks, made change, racked glasses. I'd turn away, embarrassed, and try to discipline myself by deliberating on the appeal of sleeveless shirts. "Let me think," the scientist in me would begin, but it was soon apparent--as I followed her small breasts, broad hips, long legs--that I didn't come to the bar to think.

The overall effect was quite pleasing and served remarkably well to fill those dull hours at work in the lab all week. She and I had chatted very little, just enough to fuel my infatuation. It being summer and my lust a veritable tinder box, I needed little in the way of reciprocal interest.

I was surprised the next Friday night when the doorwoman smiled broadly at me as I offered her my i.d. "We hoped you were coming," she said, handing her flashlight to the woman next to her. She led me outside and introduced herself as Kit, one of the deejays.

"You know Shayna, the bartender?" she asked.

I shrugged. She smiled at my rising blush.

"She's been watching you--a lot," she continued. "And, well, it's her 30th birthday today. We'd like to give her something special."

That's how I found myself, one summer evening, gift-wrapped and lying on a table surrounded by more traditional presents. In the larger circle around me a party was in full swing. My own clothes had been exchanged for a shimmering gold leotard and tights, an outfit that firmly gripped me everywhere grippable.

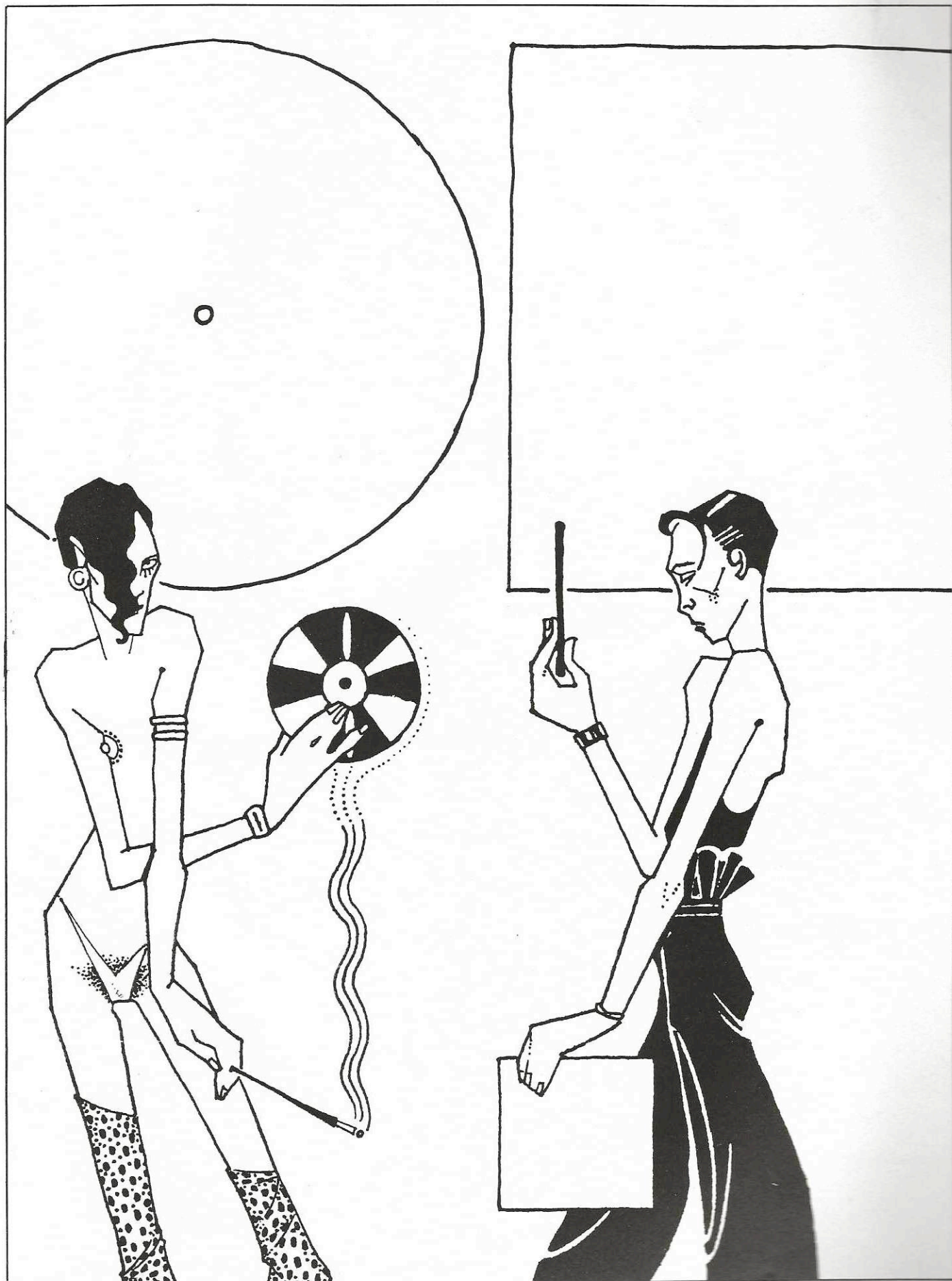
I hadn't known this back room existed. I recognized some of the bar regulars and workers. Other people were strangers to me, though everyone was very friendly. I might have felt out of place in my golden girl outfit, except that it seemed to be a costume party anyway. One woman, dressed like a motorcycle cop I guess, and very drunk, brought me another Scotch. She stood close, placed the end of her night stick on my thigh, and said in a thick voice, "You're one sweet little bottom, aren't you?"

I was startled and puzzled. "Well, I have one," I stammered. "Is that what you mean?"

She smiled crazily, then her nightstick began to travel and I wasn't

(continued on page 36)







# *Isis & Madonna*

"In 1984-85, I began a series of double exposures of labia in natural settings. I call them ISIS & MADONNA, referring both to religious figures, who wear capes with hoods or cowls, and to a spiritual dimension that, for me, is an important aspect of sexuality."

*Tee Corinne*

*Tee Corinne*











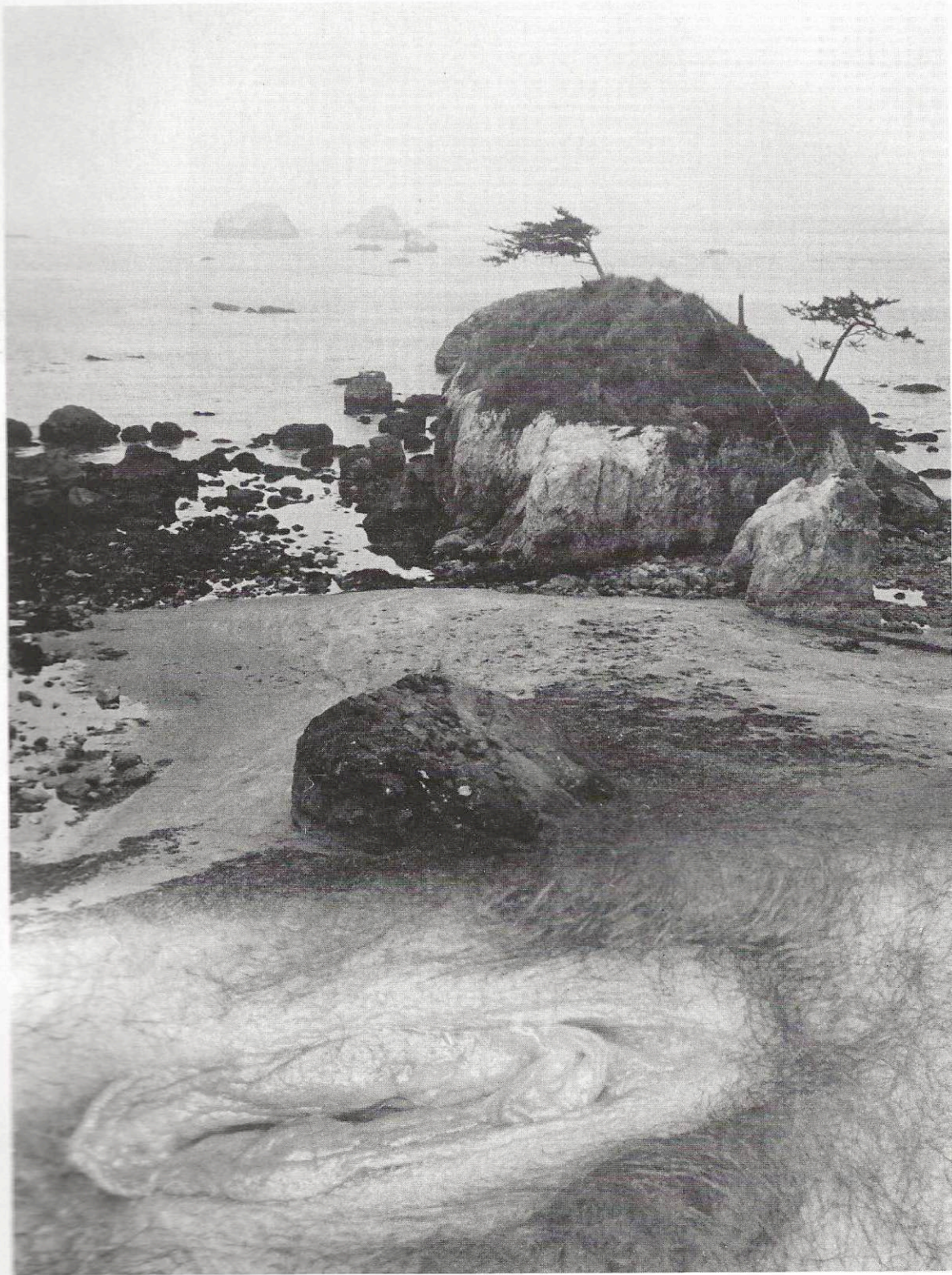




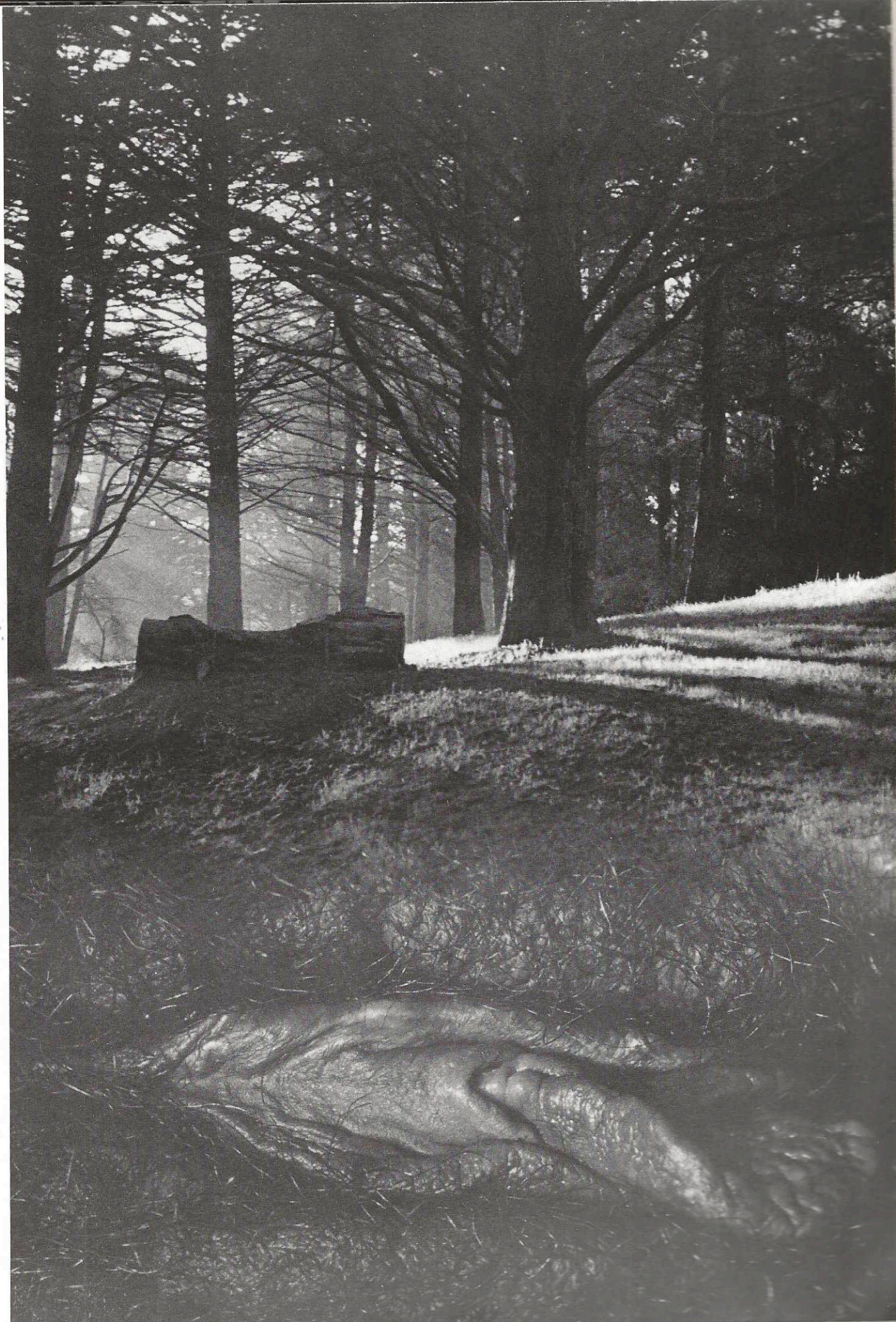
*Isis & Madonna Series - Tee Corinne*

ON OUR BACKS

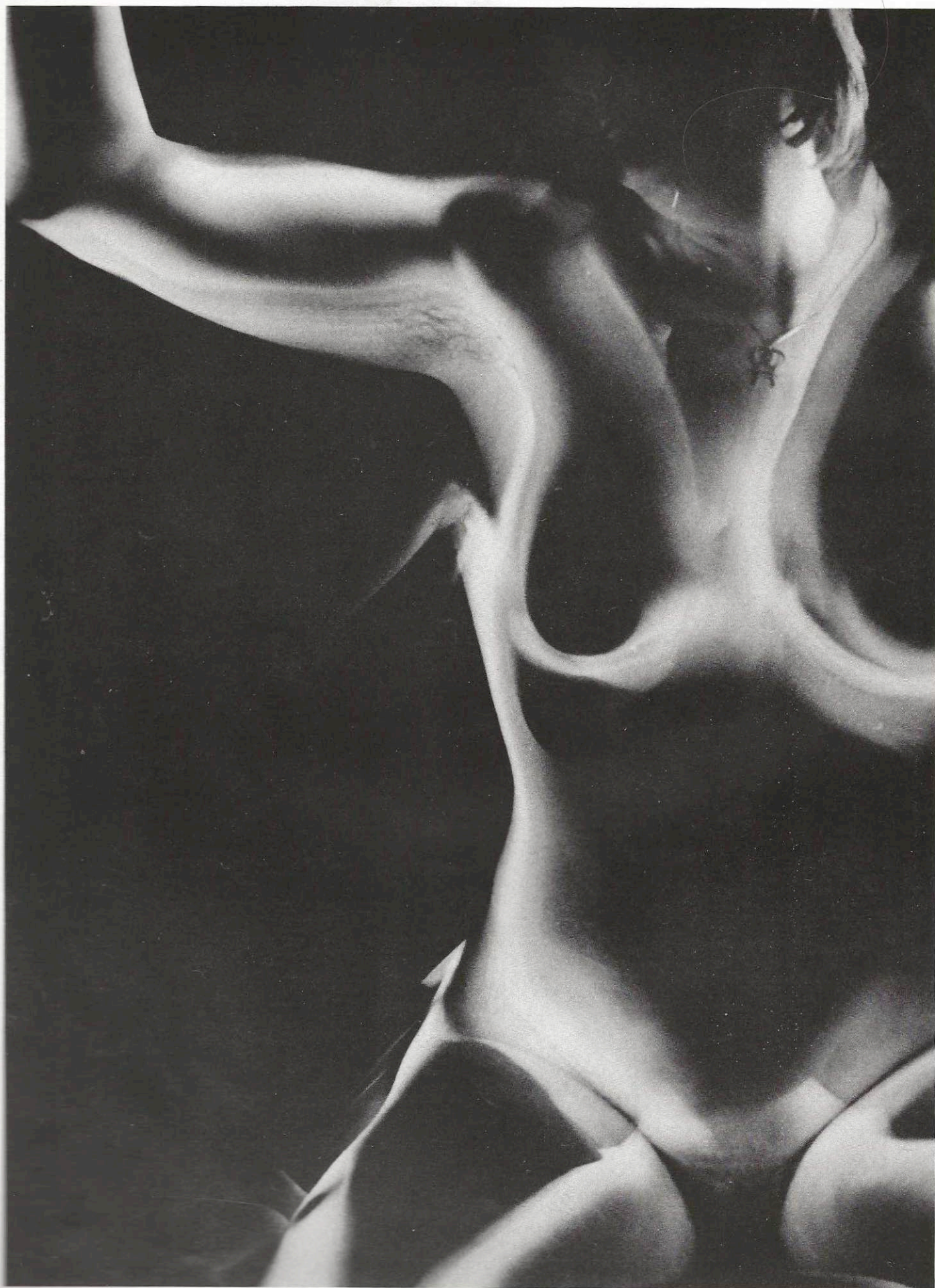














Alice looked about. Her awareness was extraordinarily sharp, and she sensed a slight thrumming that seemed to have a source and a message. She turned instinctively toward it, reached out to this new, different form of communication. Then a tiny fright thrilled through her, as she felt a pull, in response, drawing her toward the source. She willed herself to relax, to flow with the current and see where it brought her.

Slowly, step by step, Alice followed the call, and the thrumming grew stronger. She could feel it deep within her, bringing her onward, and a bubble of excitement and anticipation began to grow in her belly. Her steps quickened until she was running, then racing; when suddenly, as though it had burst from the ground, a castle appeared before her.

## Dirty Alice *at the palace*

Alice stopped short and gaped in wonder at the splendid palace. It was huge and high, breathtakingly beautiful, with towers, turrets, and cupolas of beaten gold. Gems of every description decked the slender domes and framed the long, narrow windows.

Alice realized with a start that the thrumming had stopped, but the air was thick with anticipation. This tension crescendoed, and Alice held her breath, trembling, afraid to move. Then she expelled her breath with a loud gasp, as a woman walked through the curtained doorway of the castle and stood before Alice. "Welcome, my sister. I am Eras. We have waited long for you." Her voice was deep and strong. She tossed her head so that the glory of her hair was caught on the breeze, and Alice stared at her, spellbound, awed by the beauty of her face.

Then Alice dared to look at the woman's body, marveled at the way her dark skin shone against the short, pink shift that she wore. The soft fabric draped over her high, small breasts; sheer enough to show the hard, dark-brown nipples. Alice's gaze followed the folds of material over her full belly,

hips, and thighs to the triangle where they met, and she caught her breath at the sweetness of that soft mound.

Eras laughed, and Alice realized that she had been watching Alice stare at her. The heat of embarrassment rose to flush her cheeks, but the woman stopped laughing and stepped forward. She took Alice by the hand, and her touch was as gently compelling as her voice.

"Come, sister," she said, "your road has been long and hard, but at last you are here, and your destiny awaits you. You have braved much, and you have suffered, but all that is now past. You are here. Come." She drew Alice after her toward the castle.

Alice followed the woman, glad for a reason to watch the movements of her lithe, well-muscled body, past the heavy green curtain and inside the castle. Here, fine tapestries hung about, and Alice cried aloud at the magnificence of their colors. Intricately carved wood framed the curtained portals which divided open spaces from cloistered areas. The floors and walls were of marble with gold and ebony inlay, and plush cushions for sitting or reclining were littered about.

Eras led Alice to a doorway curtained with filmy red lace and stopped. "You will be bathed and decked, dear sister," she said, "for tonight is a banquet in your honor." She rested her arm lightly over Alice's shoulders, and Alice felt the heat from her touch flow down to the bottom of her belly and kindle a glow in her sex. Then the woman pushed aside the curtain and brought Alice into the room.

Three girls were lounging naked around a large pool, and Alice was suddenly embarrassed at the sight of so many exposed breasts, bellies, thighs, and cunts. In her shyness, she concentrated her gaze on the pool. The surface of the water was dotted with perfumed flower petals, and tiny tendrils of steam rose from it.

"Eras! Welcome back." The willowy girl with the long red hair and enormous green eyes, came toward them and embraced Alice's chaperone. Alice felt a stab of jealousy.

"Orux!" Eras kissed the girl on the mouth, and Alice thought she would die of longing for Eras' kiss on her own mouth. She hated Orux for being there. But then Eras turned and took Alice by the hand again, and Orux took her by the other hand; and Alice knew only

*(continued on page 41)*



**COMING**  
TO YOUR  
**NEIGHBORHOOD**  
SOON

**the MEESE**  
**COMMISSION**

Abby Talmer



*Anyone who feels that they  
missed something by  
not living through the fifties--or  
feels a touch of nostalgia for those  
grey-flannel-suited commie-hating  
days gone by--can breathe  
a sigh of relief.  
The rest of you had better get nervous.*

The McCarthy years have come to town anew, in the form of a puritanical traveling road show called the Meese Commission, or more formally, the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. This commission, appointed by Attorney General Edwin Meese and created in 1985 at President Reagan's request, is charged with the task of reexamining the "problem" of pornography, with an eye toward finding "more effective ways in which the spread of pornography can be contained." The first press release announcing the commission described porn as "pervading our culture--including the culture known to very young children" and talked of "the concern a healthy society must have regarding the ways in which

### **The Meese Report on Lesbian Sex**

#### ***A list and ode to the lesbian sex materials seized by the Meese Commission***

*According to a former Playboy bunny: "I experienced everything  
from date rape to physical abuse, to group sex and finally to  
fantasizing homosexuality as I read Playboy magazines."*

Lesbian Affair  
Lesbian Cunt Suckers  
Lesbian Desire  
Lesbian Foot Lovers, The Movie  
Lesbian Girls  
Lesbian Gymnasium  
Lesbian Lifestyles  
Lesbian Love  
Lesbian Lovers  
Lesbian Pussies  
Lesbian Seduction  
Lesbian Trio  
Lesbos Life  
Lezgo Crazy  
Licking Lesbians  
Lesbian Lust  
Lesbian Melting Pot  
Marathon Lezzies  
69 Lesbians Munching  
Abbie's Lesbian Love  
Lesbian Dildo Slave  
Lesbian in Leather  
Lesbian Journal: The  
Making of a Lesbian  
Lesbian Journal  
Lesbian Lieutenant  
Lesbian Mother  
Lesbian Desires  
Lesbian Passion  
Lesbian Revenge

its people publicly entertain themselves."

Let me tell you--the tone of the commission hasn't changed much since then. I know; I caught one of their performances, the public hearings held by the commission in New York for four days in January, from the 21st to the 24th of this year.

I went to the first day of hearings begrudgingly, at the urging of friends, sure that I'd be bored stiff and determined to stay only two hours. I ended up staying four days; and by the time the hearings rolled to a close on Friday afternoon I was alternately dazed, exhausted, dejected, depressed, bewildered, and frustrated, but certainly not bored. I was also filled with a tremendous sense of foreboding regarding the future of feminism,



lesbianism, gay politics, sex, sexual minorities, this magazine, and the quality of life in general as we know it. Let me give you a taste of the proceedings to show you what I mean.

First of all, there was the crowd. Maybe I lack imagination, but I never dreamed I'd find myself in a heavily guarded United States courthouse surrounded by Christian fundamentalists, Hassidic Jews, secret service agents, FBI agents, New York City policemen, TV newsmen, Baptist ministers, and women-against-pornography. I knew I was in trouble when I saw the man next to me reading the bible; on his notepad was inscribed the logo "Morality in Media". No matter; the man sitting next to my friend was reading the Torah.

The hearings started ominously enough with a government lawyer presenting an overview of the preported connection between all pornography--mass distributed or privately produced, gay or straight, modern or ancient--and organized crime. This man inadvertently provided a motto of sorts for the four days of hearings when he declared about censorship, pornography, and first amendment rights: "There is more to this country than a legalistic standard where if the law doesn't prohibit it, it's OK."

Indeed. How come they forgot to teach me that in constitutional law?

The next witness was an FBI agent. OK, I thought; they have to have at least one FBI type up there. Little did I know that of the 37 people testifying, fully half (19) would be law enforcement officials. Perhaps the several law enforcement officials on the commission felt more at home with their own kind. (The chair of the commission, Henry Hudson, is a vice cop notorious for closing all the gay bars and porn stores in Arlington County, VA. Of the 11 commission members, only 4 are women, none avowed feminists. Other members include a Reverend, a psychiatrist, and a syndicated radio show host whose program *Focus on the Family* is followed by conservatives nationwide.) The FBI gentleman proceeded to give us his version of a history of pornography in the modern U.S.. He criticized attempts to place pornography in a "literary or scientific context" and boasted of seizing sex education material which he felt was obscene. (The book he seized, about coitus interruptus as a means of avoiding pregnancy, contained "48 pictures of male and female sex positions" and was produced in consultation with a doctor!) Betraying

real feminist sentiment, this man described most pornography as simply being "a series of photographs of a vagina surrounded by a woman", and thus obscene.

Other speakers that day talked about "the need for an objective moral standard for this country" and said things like, "from *toleration* (of porn) there is only one final step and that is *acceptance*, and if this country ever gets to the point of acceptance, the war will be over and the pornographers will have won." Getting the picture yet?

Never during the two days of public hearings and two days of business hearings was pornography ever specifically defined--though believe me, it was clear that what was being discussed was in good part people like you and me. The talk was full of phrases like "moral standards" and "normal Americans" and "decline of values" and "protection of the family"--not exactly words that were music to my ears, nor to those of any politically aware gay person who hasn't spent the last 10 years in a cave somewhere in Antarctica. Gay men were discussed obsessively and were usually mentioned with the phrase "homosexuals and child molesters" or "homosexuals and other sexual deviants".

(continued on page 44)

## DON'T SUPPORT LESBIAN CENSORS

The Meese Commission aren't the only ones who are interested in suppressing sexual information and expression. The following feminist bookstores, which cater to a large lesbian clientele, have refused to carry *On Our Backs*:

Antigone Books, Tucson, AZ  
"We will not promote S/M material."

Amazon Bookstore,  
Minneapolis, MN  
"We're feminists, and *On Our Backs* does not strike us as a feminist magazine."

Bookshop Santa Cruz,  
Santa Cruz, CA (huge general bookshop with large gay and women's section)  
"I'm expected to defend every book in this store, and I cannot defend this. Your magazine is sexist."

A Room of One's Own,  
Madison, WI  
"Our collective decided that *On Our*

*Backs* was violence against women."

Full Circle Books,  
Albuquerque, NM  
"*On Our Backs* promotes child molestation."

Charis Books, Atlanta, Georgia  
(the state where it's illegal to buy a vibrator)  
"Each issue of *On Our Backs* has something offensive in it."

Bloodroot Bookstore and  
Restaurant, Bridgeport, CT  
"Listen, I have to work all day here, and I don't want to have to live with your magazine."

Toronto Women's Bookstore  
"After reviewing this material carefully, we found it to be anti-feminist, anti-woman, anti-semitic, and racist."

Perhaps our readers have a different opinion than the store policies expressed above. Maybe you

think that lesbian readers have the right to see what other lesbians are producing for our community, and make up their own minds.

The reason these stores are able to successfully ban *On Our Backs*, is not because the customers are so sympathetic to the store's opinions. It is because *On Our Backs* is a sexual publication, and women are afraid to ask store owners to carry it. It is sexual embarrassment, not political reservations, that keeps *On Our Backs* (and lesbian sex in general) IN THE CLOSET.

If you're a gay woman who's proud of her sexual identity, or if you're a feminist who believes in having access to all the resources and information our community publishes, or if you believe that sexual literature has a rightful place in your local women's bookstore, LET THESE BOOKSTORES KNOW WHO YOU ARE. Ask them to carry *On Our Backs*, and if they won't, let them know that you aren't interested in supporting their store or their bigoted decisions to suppress the best-selling lesbian magazine in the country.



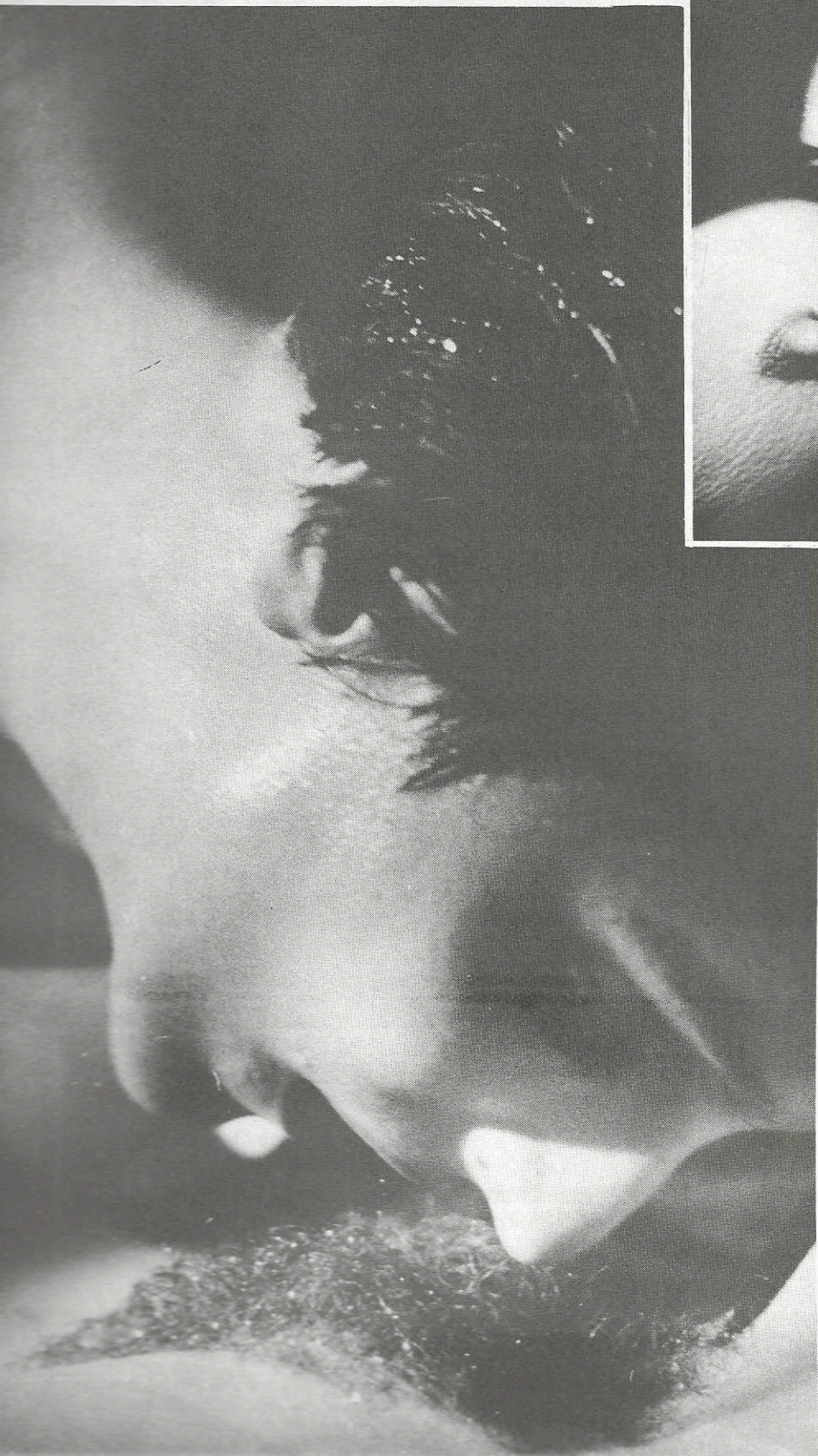
# SKIN TO SKIN



*Skin to Skin (Haut an Haut) is the most recent erotic film from Elfi Mikesch and Monika Treut, two German lesbian filmmakers, who debuted their powerful feature, Seduction: The Cruel Woman at gay film festivals across North America last year.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELFI MIKESCH





*Seduction is a mesmerizing study of sexual power and theater. Skin To Skin continues the artists' exploration of controversial fantasy life.*

*In Skin, two lesbian lovers lie in a hotel room entertaining each other with stories of their most taboo fantasies. In one, the lesbian voyeurizes two gay men fucking, and in another, she recreates a classic rape fantasy.*



*The final fantasy has one of the lesbians spying on another lesbian couple from her balcony, while an unknown intruder takes her from behind. "Most erotica is so predictable," says Treut. "We like the point of view of surprise."*





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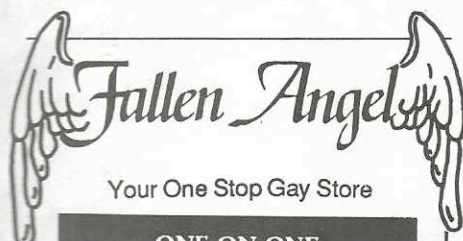
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**DJ** (continued from page 21)

quite sure how I felt about that. I should have said something, but I couldn't take my eyes off the chains that lay upon her shoulders like long, silver curls.

Just then someone loudly announced: "Ten minutes." Jane, the woman in charge of my costume, came up and began wrapping me in bright red cloth ribbons. She and Kit circled my ankles, my knees, once around my waist. Then they wrapped my wrists together in front of me, pinning my palms flat against my crotch with several more lengths. They tied a big bow across my forehead. They smiled encouragement, and told me again what a great sport I was before carrying me over to the table, laying me down among the other gifts, and behind an enormous cake.

Shayna certainly was surprised when she walked in on her break and found herself greeted by an ear-splitting "Happy Birthday!" Everyone seemed to be having lots of fun and I couldn't help being swept along in the party's spirit. Still, I was beginning to hope Shayna would open her presents first. I felt a little left out, lying there by myself.

She started on her presents all right, after several champagne toasts. Unfortunately, she started with all the smaller ones. I gave up trying to watch, as it was too much effort from my position, though I followed the humorous patter of friends enjoying one another. I was distracted by an enormous woman who kept leaning over me, tugging on my leotard, and asking, "How do you get outta this thing?" Curiously, she was also dressed like a motorcycle cop. I was beginning to wonder if maybe she and that other woman weren't in fact motorcycle cops, when Kit came up and sent her away. She asked me how I was doing.

"Fine," I replied. "Though I wouldn't mind getting up now."

She smiled down at me. "Soon," she said. Then she dipped her finger in her champagne and presented it to my lips. After a moment's hesitation I opened my mouth and licked gingerly. I stared at her as she repeated the gesture five or six times.

"How far do we go with this thing?" I finally thought to ask.

She smiled mischievously. "As far as you want to go." Then she disappeared.

But that isn't any answer, I

paniced. How far is that?

Suddenly Shayna was standing over me. Her arms, bare as always, were unusually shiny, glistening in fact. From my perspective, her muscles seemed to pulsate with some rich, strange new power. She also smelled awfully good, like whiskey and flowers. I flushed fiercely when she leaned over me.

"And what have we here?" she loudly asked, to the delight of her watching friends. I couldn't believe I was in this position. I couldn't believe I hadn't thought this through a little better. Shayna began moving her hands up and down my body, squeezing occasionally, pretending to jiggle the package I had become.

"Now whatever could it be?" she said to more laughter. "From Kit," she read from a tag on the ribbon. "Hm. It's not a record. It's not another goddamn cookbook." Unexpectedly, she seized my chin and began tracing my lips with her finger. Then she forced the finger into my mouth. There was a critical moment. My first impulse was to bite, call it quits, demand that they let me up and out of there. But I didn't. I caught the shine off Shayna's lovely arms, travelled up them to her dark curls, held the blue eyes I'd borrowed for a month's worth of fantasizing. I heard the pleased murmurings of her friends and felt strangely satisfied with the good time they were having. I began to suck on Shayna's finger, to roll it around with my tongue, to impress upon it the sharp pleasure of my teeth. I watched as a smile spread across her face, chasing away what I now realized had been doubts of her own. She leaned over and kissed me deeply.

Standing up she smiled sheepishly at her friends. "Tastes good, whatever it is," she said.

"Hope it's your size," Kit chimed in.

Shayna laughed heartily. "Guess I better figure out how to get into it." Her plan was greeted with thunderous applause.

She moved to my feet and unwrapped my legs, presenting lengths of ribbon to appreciative friends. She reached up and carefully peeled my tights off, unfastened the bottom of the leotard, then spread my legs wide on the table. The room grew quiet, though I sensed no let-down in the party's mood. I raised my hips for them and moved my fingers through my pubic hair, parting my labia. The thirty



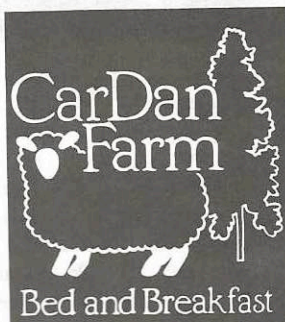
women or so pressing in on the table around me responded encouragingly. They could see I was remarkably wet.

Shayna took her shirt off and reached over to the cake for a knife. Moving over me she brought up my arms, wrist still wrapped, over my head. Another woman stepped up and held them there. I felt my ankles similarly grasped. With the knife Shayna cut off my lovely leotard. She kissed me again, hard, then moved down to suck my breasts. I began moaning, moving into her. She climbed onto the table, kneeling over me. Her leather pants, a just-donned birthday gift, were split up the middle, allowing me access to her cunt which she settled onto my face. There was nothing else in my world. It filled my vision, my mind, my lungs, and coursed through my veins. Perhaps there was a crowd cheering, perhaps there was an arena of eyes and pouted lips. I do not know. There was only the task, sweet and absorbing, before me.

When Shayna bucked off me, my wet face was hit by a rush of cooling air. I parted my eyes slightly, reluctant to leave that singular place behind, and watched as a friend of Shayna's on either side strapped a halter of sorts around her hips. Strange birthday gifts at this party, I thought dreamily. On the halter they mounted a dildo. I recognized it, of course, though I'd never used or been used by one. Until now I'd never realized how badly I'd longed for it.

Shayna bent herself again to my breasts and then filled my mouth with promises. I felt her hips against me, the dildo enter me. I writhed and raised my hips into hers until we'd found a loving rhythm. The beat filled me, filled her, filled the room. The floor communicated to the table and table to me, the stamping, pounding, thrusting of thirty bodies set on a common goal.

They told me later I screamed, "You sweet fuck!" at Shayna in a louder voice than any of them thought me capable. I'm sure I did, though I don't recall. I wasn't surprised either at how popular I was throughout the rest of the party. More popular than the cake even, though it was pleasingly sweet and moist as well. I wrapped myself in the robe they gave me, danced and drank champagne until the summer night's stars seemed to shine down right through the ceiling. Or maybe those were Shayna's eyes as she carried me from her car, up the stairs, to bed me again.

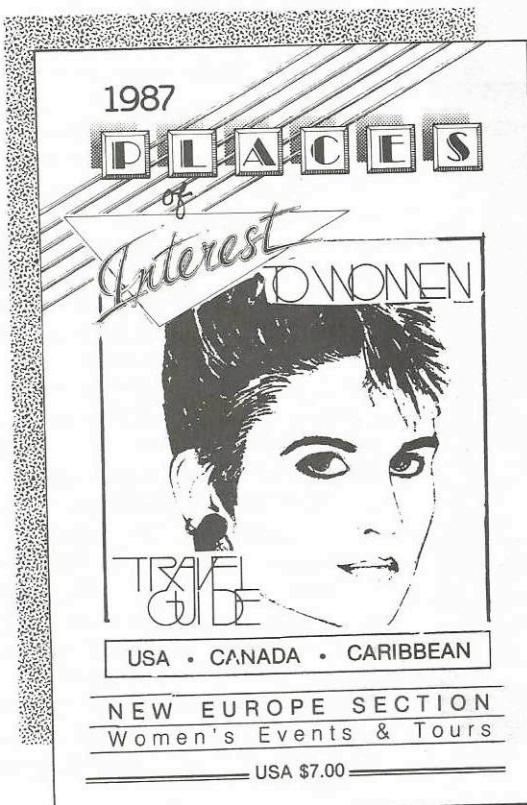


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## TOYS (continued from page 7)

"Harlequin Romance" company party, dancing with girls there and discovering one of them is a Fort Lauderdale subscriber to *On Our Backs* (She was there marketing a book called "101 Uses for an Ex-Husband"). But goodness, I need to talk about some real sex if this column is to live up to its name.

I've wanted to talk about tribadism for a while now, because so many of you practice this ancient Sapphic activity but you don't know what the word is. Straight teenagers have their own term for it, expressed as their anguish for not going all the way: dry humping. I've heard some Queens refer to the same action as "frottage". But for lesbians, our little mounds are just made for rubbing up against each other, and this passion is known as *tribad*-(rhymes with *livid*) *ism*.

Most of us have read torrid accounts of tribadism in those great old pulp novels about dykes. Here's a passage from one of my favorites, circa 1960; *Lesbian Hell*, by Jane Sherman:

"Betty had educated hips. She pushed them against me and twisted rhythmically until I thought I'd flip. I wanted her to wait for it. She'd like it better that way. She was bruising my body with those over active hips of hers. Betty was a healthy girl, she pushed up against me like she loved the rough stuff. 'Give it to me baby, give it to me', Betty breathed. We were making it together in perfect harmony. I wanted to become part of her, make her part of me."

This lusty excerpt actually has some great facts about tribadism. Being face to face, full bodies together makes for a "melding" intimacy that no other position affords you. However, you can do tribadism on your lover's tailbone, forearm or knee--any part of her that your cunt can get a good angle on.

Tribadism is also a very successful method for simultaneous climaxes. Like the book said, it's all in the rhythm, and you will definitely have to practice to get your rubbing "in perfect harmony". How much practice? It seems like when you've got a hot affair going, time flies, and you can get this type of thing synchronized within a month.

Some women don't orgasm through tribadism because it doesn't give them enough direct clitoral

(continued on page 40)

## DETENTION (continued from page 19)

dancer's legs, uncrossing one final time.

I stood desperately holding my excitement in check, reeling from the rub of levis against my swollen, pounding clit. The rush almost took me, then, concentrating, biting the inner skin of my lip, I regained some control.

Danfield stood in front of me, a full head taller in those killer pumps. She loosened her belt. I thought this was what she'd been leading to. She's going to give me a strapping! It was almost too classic, too corny. But I was wrong. The belt slithered to the floor. Danfield stretched, her legs moved into a military stance, as far apart as the a-line of her hem would allow. She grabbed my denim jacket and pulled me to her, belly to belly, her breasts higher than mine, both sets of nipples rigid, pressed hard, and whispered: "Here's your chance to apologize. Show me what you assume Olive Chancellor did...if you know how." It is a taunt. She knew I'd take it.

"Strip me," she demanded.

I wonder if the building really was empty, if the maids and janitor had gone home, if there was a fire drill...was the door locked from the inside?

"I said, strip me!" Her voice was deadly.

I didn't think of the outside corridor for long. Reaching up to that first button, I brushed the underside of her chin. Shocked at the softness there, amazed, too, at the sudden flush of heat my touch aroused. Her color mounted and I saw those deep eyes flash. The silk fell to the floor silently, like a discarded feather from some giant wing.

I trembled as my palms ran lightly over the smooth chamisole underneath. My lips caressed the material, wetting it through to the tight nipples, making them rise even higher, filling my mouth. Her gasp made my cunt liquid. I tried to move against her, gain some relief from the burning.

"No!" She hissed, "you aren't here for...pleasure!"

She began to slip the straps of the underthing down, freeing her breasts. I bit the nipples gently, then harder, as her hands clutched me closer, her fingers tugging at my hair.

"Touch me." Danfield's eyes were wide, watching everything I did. She tasted of soap, sweat and fine dusting



powder. I wanted to stay there, forever sucking, rocking with her, my hands rampant from naked ribs to the edges of her skirts and over the slim hips. She stopped me, raised a leg, and dug the spiked heel of one shoe into my shoulder, backing me off.

"Take me now!" The voice was savage, an order from the ice queen. I am going to have to perform if I expected to get out alive!

I knelt in front of her, easing the frightening shoes from her feet. Then, kneading my way slowly over those lovely limbs up to the top of her thighs, I came to her garters and unfastened them. Cream and lace, I let them snap against her tenderest flesh.

She moaned then, for the first time. It went through me like a fist in my cunt. I could barely hide my own cry. She began contracting the muscles of her legs, forcing me up, up close to the pulsing clit. I pushed the skirt high, duly impressed with the obvious lack of panties. Now with free access to that musky cave, I plunged my tongue in, exploring, moving very fast, my own need mingling with hers. At each soft thrust she ground against me, moaning even more loudly, pressing my forehead against her mound, pushing me deeper and deeper still. The scent of those silken hairs covered me, her melting spilling down my face, my chin.

She leaned forward, beyond control, the mask dismissed, the ruse discarded. Sucking my neck, kissing my earlobes, she bit at any exposed flesh. I traced flat, wide circles around the head of her clitoris. Then, moving my hands behind her, entrapping her in the circle of my arms, I spread that incredible ass, working first with one finger, then a second. She was so slick, even there, that after a momentary resistance (more from surprise than displeasure) I had my victory! I entered her, riding against my teeth and tongue and then backwards, bucking toward that rear entry of my hand.

"For months I've wanted...this...from you...wanted you to make me...make me...come...". She threw her legs over my shoulders gasping, sealing our pact, calling my name.

I was full of her, my lips bruised, searing, everything soaking my own come seeping through my jeans, my cunt sparking the office to steam. She began to climax in my mouth, finally, bucking and thrashing, the ice queen in

(continued on page 40)

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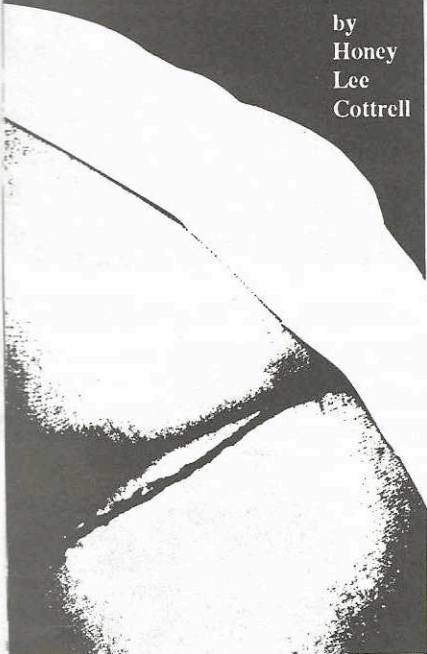
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## TOYS (continued from page 38)

stimulation, and still leaves their mons sore and bruised in the morning. (Love's hangover). Here is a fun and easy way to cheat: use a vibrator, the wand type, between yourself and your lover! Their little vibrating tennis ball-type heads are just MADE for putting between lesbian's thighs. You still get a lot of body contact with your lover, but it's easier to find a common point of stimulation.

I have a theory about why tribadism is so rarely talked about. It's a full body embrace that departs from hugging, and turns it into an erotic technique. Tribadism can be accomplished without many words, without looking, tasting, or touching your genitals, without even taking your clothes off. As such, it has a special appeal to people who are embarrassed about their bodies, pussies in particular, and lesbian lovemaking in general.

There's something historically furtive about tribadism, as if it were something you do without acknowledging that you're really having S-E-X.

One last post-feminist angle to this secretiveness is that some women feel guilty about tribadism because it reminds them of the het missionary position, and they get uptight about who's on the bottom and who's on top. I'll reiterate once again that the only people who are more hung up about p/v (penis/vagina) sex than straight men, are guilty lesbians. Believe me, whether you're on top or bottom, you have to do your share of the rhythm or the tribadism won't work.

Obviously, there are plenty of lesbians who use tribadism as one of many sexual activities they enjoy, and it is not a secret, closeted practice by nature. In fact, it's pretty hard to avoid some arousing bone-to-clit rubbing if you are having a varied sex life. Many women (e.g., like all my girlfriends for some reason) will always put Tribadism as their number one way to orgasm no matter how much the oral fetishists and fist fuckers scream. By the way, tribadism can swing either way as a S/M technique or as a vanilla style. Read the rest of *Lesbian Hell* and I think you'll figure it out.

I've got one last bit of white trash advice to dole out. A southern sister from the state of Georgia,

lamenting the ban on vibrators and dildos in that state (censorship moves fast if you don't cut its head off) wrote to *Good Vibrations* and told us that every country girl worth her salt has a sincere cucumber patch thriving in the back yard. No, these cucumber devotees are not especially interested in funny tasting pickles. We're talking a serious, seasonal dildo collection.

Pay attention to these growing tips from Ellie Mae:

- "1. Don't use sprays on the cucumber plant, ever;
2. Sometimes the premature cucumber skin will act like poison ivy, so if you are allergic to poison ivy, by all means let the cucumber ripen before you use it;
3. Beware store-bought cucumbers-- wash'em real good. (I soak store-bought cukes in douche);
4. Set a cuke outside in the hot sun for a day to make it flexible. Don't peel it until ready to use!"

Thank you for sharing, sister. You'll excuse me now if I go pickle myself.

## DETENTION (continued from page 39)

total liquid meltdown and me holding, holding, holding her there, then out, over the edge, out and beyond...

"You're...forgiven...," she whispered and fell against me.

I wondered; had it been the same for Olive Chancellor?

I missed dinner. Danfield locked the office from the outside. Our heels were syncopated as we moved down the deserted corridor.

"Remember what we've discussed this evening. If I experience a repeat of this morning's outrageous remarks, well, you could wind up in detention for the rest of the quarter. And you know, it becomes progressively severe." She touched the buckle of her snakeskin belt, stroking the heavy silver.

I nodded.

Danfield glanced quickly up, then down the long hall. She brought one finger to her lips, sucked it, and touched it to the edge of my chin, rubbing gently.

"Lipstick." She smiled but only for a second. "I'll expect you to be on time tomorrow."

I watched her move into the darkness and out the massive front doors, moving, as always, the way women in the only novels I seem to finish move. I wondered about our next assignment.



that she would worship Eras for as long as she lived.

Now Lyssa came over to them, plump blond softness swelling with ripeness like a peach. She stood in back of Alice and put her arm about Alice's waist, and Alice quivered at the touch of coarse hair against her hip and a soft breast pressed behind her shoulder. Lastly, the dark, sharp Mydra came to stand in front of Alice, and as the others released her, Mydra opened Alice's garment and took it down over her shoulders to let it fall on the floor. The girls all sighed, and Alice felt their gazes on her body like fingers, stroking over her skin and leaving hot little trails behind.

Then Eras stood before Alice, crossed her arms, took hold of the hem on her shift, and pulled it over her head. Alice gasped with delight and longing, her eyes raking the woman's body before riveting themselves to the glimmer of rosy moistness that showed desire swelling from under the hair between the woman's legs. Eras again held Alice by the hand and led her down shallow marble steps and into the pool, while Lyssa, Mydra, and Orux followed behind.

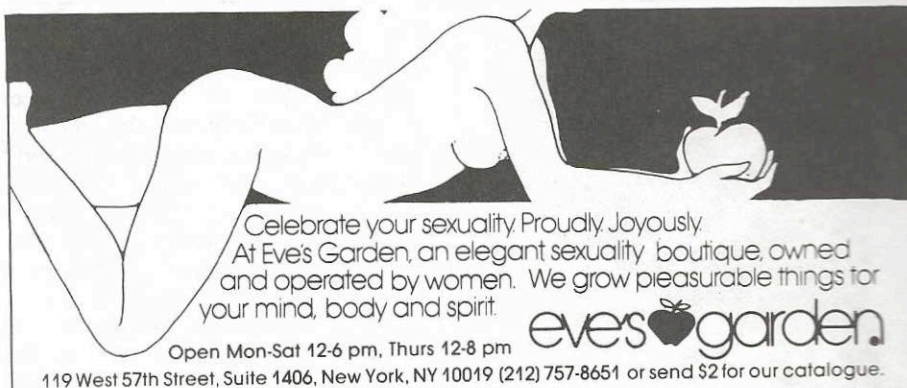
The water was warm and sweetly fragrant, creeping delightfully up Alice's body as she descended the steps. When she stood at last on the floor of the pool, the water came up over the tips of her breasts. It had a soft, oily feeling to it. It caressed her body, and she swirled sensually about through the thick fluid to enhance the sensation.

Eras came up behind Alice and put her arms around the girl, and Alice delighted in the feeling of the soft length of Eras' body pressed against her. A thin film of water between them enabled their torsos to slip about over one another. Eras' breasts bored into Alice's back, and the fleece below Eras' belly rubbed back and forth across Alice's cheeks and the tops of her thighs.

Eras gently massaged Alice's belly, then brought her hands up to cup the girl's breasts from behind. Softly, then increasingly harder, she pinched the ruby nipples until they stood out, hugely erect. Alice leaned back against Eras, moaning, and the woman released her breasts as Mydra glided in front of her.

The dark girl smiled at Alice, and

(continued on page 42)



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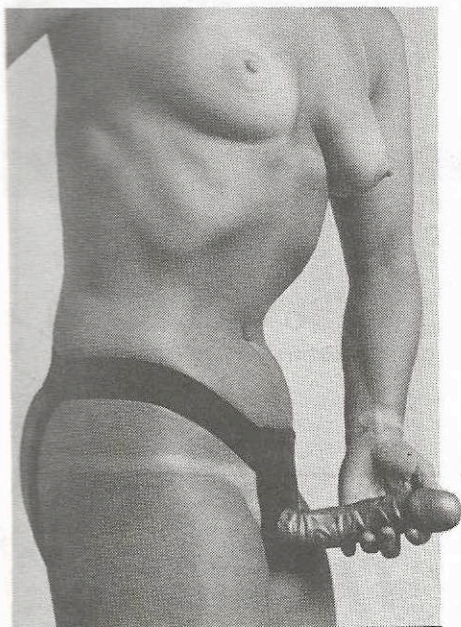
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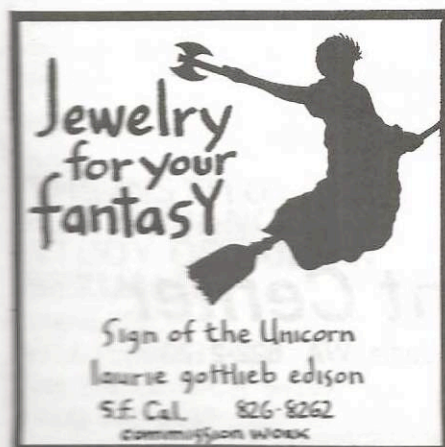
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moved slowly closer to her until their nipples touched. An electric jolt shot through Alice's body, and she cried out, reached for Mydra, and pulled the girl's fragile body hard against her own. Alice lowered her face to Mydra's breasts and eagerly closed her lips over one tiny nipple. She felt it harden and pucker in her mouth. She was acutely aware of Mydra's soft, panting breaths, as she licked and sucked at the sensitive points. She felt her own breasts gripped from behind once again, while the soft, pendulous breasts of Lyssa rested against her back.

Alice raised her face and pressed her mouth against Mydra's. The girl responded eagerly, parting her lips and digging her tongue deep into Alice's mouth. Lyssa licked Alice's ear and sucked on her neck, her hands slowly descending, fingers rubbing down her belly and creeping into the thick fleece beneath. Alice gasped and parted her thighs slightly, allowing Lyssa's fingers to explore the intimate flesh of her cunt. Mydra pressed hard against her in front, and Lyssa moved her fingers faster until she was manipulating them both at the same time. Alice pressed her cunt down against Lyssa's hand, wanting her fingers inside her, but suddenly the glorious titillation stopped. "Look!" Lyssa whispered in her ear.

Alice looked up to see Eras standing at the edge of the pool, legs apart, hands behind her back. The posture caused her high breasts to thrust proudly forward, and the passionate flesh of her inner sex swelled from between her dark-fleeced lips. Tiny beads of water shone on her skin, while her lust glistened in her eyes. She raised one hand, and beckoned to the girls. They obeyed, climbing up the marble steps and out of the water, flower petals clinging to their wet skins and tangled in their hair. Eras held her arms out to them, and they came together in a close embrace, their wet bodies pressing one against the other.

Eras leaned close to Alice and brushed the girl's lips lightly with her own. Hot waves of desire broke through Alice's body, and she felt herself grow weak. With a loud moan of passion, she grabbed the woman by the back of the head and forced their mouths tightly together, seeking to drink in the sweetness of Eras as if it were nectar from the cup of a flower. Eras drew her fingernails over Alice's shoulders and

down her spine. Shivery stabs of longing pierced Alice's cunt, until she could no longer keep on her feet. Slowly she slid to the ground and lay there, sobbing and writhing with need.

Lyssa, Mydra, and Orux knelt down next to Alice, and their mouths descended on her body. Lyssa kissed her on the mouth, her full lips throbbing against Alice's own. Her tongue darted skillfully here and there, over Alice's lips, across the roof of her mouth, then stiffening, the tip of it barely touching the tip of Alice's own tongue. Greedily Alice sucked Lyssa's tongue into her mouth and held it fast.

Mydra was savoring the sweet flesh of Alice's breasts. She kissed first one, then the other, moving her mouth lightly over the soft skin, nibbling her way swiftly around the white mounds, and, at last, planting her lips firmly over one red nipple. Gently, then harder, she bit it, lashing her tongue over the tip, and Alice cried out and gripped Mydra's hair tightly in her fingers.

Orux rubbed her cheek over Alice's belly and moved down to graze the sweetest pasture of them all. She nuzzled her way through the heavy black fur where flesh parted willingly to admit her questing tongue, until her lips found the throbbing membranes of Alice's inner heat. With a sigh of pleasure, Orux closed her mouth over Alice's clitoris, buffeting the little point with her tongue and digging her lips eagerly into the flesh around it. Hungrily, she swallowed the copious juices which ran from Alice's cunt, feeling the frantic clutching of Alice's hand in her own hair.

Now Lyssa moved away from her, and Alice was borne into an extreme of delight, as Eras knelt over her face. She looked into Alice's eyes and rubbed her cunt over the girl's cheeks and across her mouth. Alice strained upward in an attempt to bury her lips and tongue in the wet, pungent folds, and Eras sighed and settled down against Alice's face, arching back so that the girl could taste every part of her willing sex.

Then Eras ground her cunt hard against Alice's mouth, and her flesh convulsed as though to suck Alice deep inside her; and the burning waves of her orgasm flowed forth. Alice felt her own cunt respond beneath Orux's skillful tongue and fingers. A great wind swept her away, far out into space where she rode the breezes left by comets passing. Her ears rang with the



echoes of the cries of women's passion, and white bursts of light exploded behind her eyes. Her body convulsed into one orgasmic spasm after another, hurling her out into a realm of pure sensual delight, until she finally settled back into her quivering body, her flesh still prodded by small spears of pleasure.

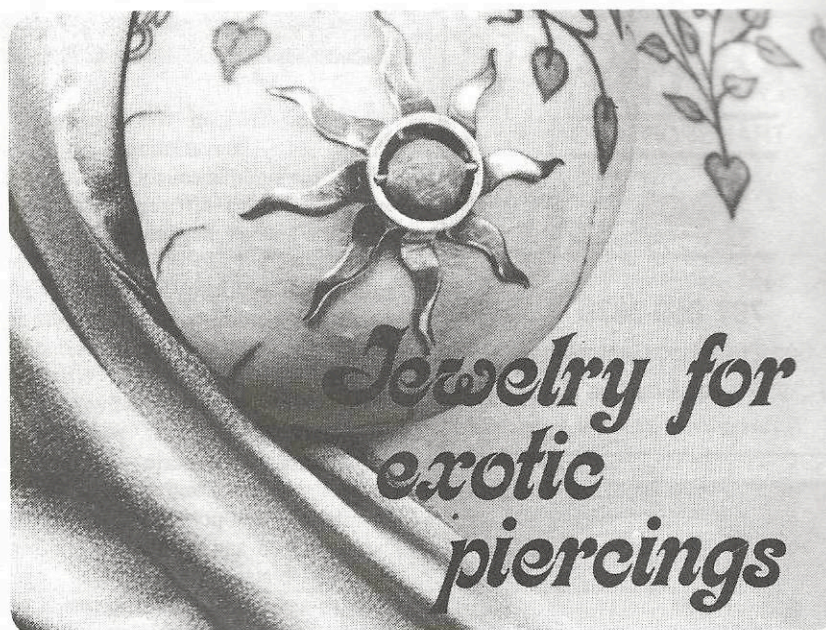
"Well," said Eras, climbing off Alice's face, "that was very nice." She rose to her feet and walked across the marble floor to a table that held jars of paints, pastes, ointments, and powders. She opened a trunk which sat next to the table and began to lay out lengths of exquisite fabrics.

The other girls pulled Alice to her feet and over to the table. Mydra found a brush which she applied to Alice's damp hair, exclaiming in delight as the heavy mass picked up static and stood out around Alice's head. Lyssa selected containers of pressed powders and skillfully applied three colors to Alice's eyelids, outlining the whole with metallic gold paste and lining the girl's eyes in violet. Orux applied gold paint to Alice's fingernails and toenails, then stained her palms and the soles of her feet with rouge.

Mydra had finished brushing Alice's hair and was twisting it through with an enormous strand of blue pearls. She circled it about Alice's head, catching the loops to fasten over her ears.

Eras had selected a soft, sheer fabric of a pale, smokey color. She draped it about Alice's body, bringing it over one shoulder while leaving the other bare. She fastened the garment at the waist with a gold pin set with a large blue sapphire, then stepped back and nodded her approval. "Look at yourself, Alice," she said. "Look in the mirror and see how you like your appearance."

Alice stepped in front of the mirror and looked. Pearls glistened in her thick, black hair, dripping to her shoulders and winding around her neck, nestling between her breasts where the milky mounds showed above the flimsy garment. The thin fabric, draped over her shoulder, came down low on her breasts and fell to mid-thigh. Her breasts pushed against the soft material, and her nipples strained at the fabric which clung to the full curves of her body. Her face was still flushed with the glow of her pleasure, and she turned to the others, her eyes alight, her voice trembling. "Truly," she cried with joy, "I am beautiful!"



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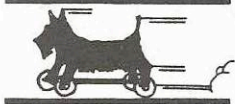
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MEESE *continued from page 33*

Sadomasochism was also quite the topic of conversation, and was discussed simultaneously with rape and assault, as if no differentiation could be made. Whatever happened to the notion of consent? (But, as Andrea Dworkin said in her testimony on day two of the hearings, "Feminists have to fight for a world where we go way beyond consent as a standard for freedom." What would your standard be, Andrea? Force?) Perhaps the eeriest part of the commissioners' rhetoric was the way many phrases and ideas of the "feminist" anti-pornography movement were usurped and repeated in the service of this blatantly right wing agenda. Reagan-appointed FBI agents, police chiefs, and custom officials alike talked of porn's "degradation" of women, its "injury" to them, its "violation of their rights". Their solutions to these problems? Crack down on "the pornographers" and restrict the already minimal rights of those who, in their view, "use porn" --gay men, lesbians, sadomasochists, prostitutes, boylovers, and swingers--i.e., virtually every sexual subculture outside of the nuclear family.

After the first two days of rhetoric came the meat of the commission hearings--the business meetings. In these surrealistic gatherings, the commission huddled around a roped-off table and conducted its business-as-usual--but with an audience. Only 20 or so people attended the first business meeting, and less were there on the last day; which is a real shame, because it was at these meetings that the true intent and seriousness of the commission members became glaringly, frighteningly apparent.

As it so happens, the business at hand for these meetings was the drafting of recommendations for the commission's final report. This report is an influential document, much quoted in the media and enacted via legislation in whole or part in most places in the country. It will take years of court fights to get any of this legislation off the books. And what recommendations! These were sweeping, detailed proposals involving nearly every arm of the law: federal, state, and local. A random list of measures seriously proposed includes: raising the federal age of consent of people who can appear as porn models to 21 (it is currently 18); making it illegal for a

person of any age to appear in porn photos or to participate in a performance with S/M content or overtones, declaring such models' and performers' contracts null and void, and making participating in such modeling and performances a felony offense; encouraging health departments to monitor peep show booths and adult bookstores "to prevent the spread of AIDS"; encouraging law enforcement officials to keep records of rapes and sex crime as they may be caused by pornography; assigning more federal law enforcement officials to prosecute porn; discouraging or prohibiting plea bargaining in cases involving accusations of producing, distributing, or possessing porn; changing the definition of interstate commerce so that it is no longer necessary to prove transport of material from state to state, the logic being that if porn made in California is found in your house in Rhode Island, it de facto has been transported from state to state and simple possession of out-of-state material is proof enough to convict (the sentence is a felony); making any second obscenity offense automatically punishable as a felony; giving the government power to confiscate the bookstores where porn is sold, as well as the houses where it is produced if your home is also your studio; giving the state the power to utilize bankruptcy laws to force accused pornographers to pay heavy fines; encouraging undercover surveillance of accused sex offenders; using state and local alcoholic beverage control laws to prohibit "obscenity" on premises serving alcohol; using rating systems and mandatory "lock boxes" to limit access to cable tv; studying the "swinging" subculture and reporting on its prevalence and measures to control it; intercepting computer bulletin boards specially created for dating and personal ads; cracking down on all personal sex ads, whether public or private, even including private correspondence, whether or not money is exchanged or asked for, and making them illegal under laws governing interstate commerce activity; making possession of child porn a felony (currently, only production and transport is); and finally, making possession of child porn by an *accused* child molester serve as *evidence* of the molestation, regardless of whether the child in the picture can be located or whether it is the same child the suspect is accused of molesting--"accused" under



this definition can refer to the *current* charge. Had enough? Good--because when I left Friday's meeting, they still had 45 minutes of recommendations left. God only knows what they managed to dream up in that time.

The question most women ask when confronted with information about this commission is "So what? How does it concern me?" The sad and frightening fact is that these recommendations do concern us very much. All obscenity laws are enforced selectively, and gay people are disproportionately represented in obscenity arrests. What's more, this commission has as its specific target all sexual minority groups--and whatever you may consider yourself, believe me, if you're not a married homemaker with 2.2 kids, a clean-cut husband, and 2 cars in the garage, to this commission you're a sexual deviant. Many of the recommendations drafted for use against child pornographers, sadomasochists, prostitutes, and swingers could be used just as well against lesbians or even readers of this magazine.

Think about their suggestions for a new definition of interstate commerce. Do you have a subscription to *On Our Backs*? *Gay Community News*? *Off Our Backs*? Think again. Consider the fact that they want to make personal sex ads obscene, even if they do not involve monetary transactions. Have you ever placed a personal ad? Think again. Consider the fact that they'd like to make private correspondence which includes obscene materials a violation of interstate commerce laws. Have you ever sent an intimate snapshot to a friend or lover in another state? Think again.

Perhaps what should make us think most of all is the exchange which took place late in the day on Friday, on the last day of the business meeting. In the midst of a discussion of child porn laws, one commissioner said that he thought *writings* about intergenerational sex, devoid of sexual or visual content, should be punished as a felony. Another commissioner, Fred Schauer a Reagan appointee billed as a constitutional law expert, ventured that perhaps there would be a problem with that; there *is* the first amendment, which provides that any subject, however distasteful, may be written about if it is not legally obscene. "That's ridiculous!", came the response from his fellow commissioner. "Can't we get around that somehow?" 

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# Contributors

RA is a photographer living in Santa Cruz. This is her first erotic work. When not taking pictures or chasing girls, her favorite pastime is drinking coffee. Shari Cohen asked to take pictures of Susie Sexpert because of Susie's "untraditional" job at Good Vibrations, little knowing just how untraditional the ensuing photo session would get! Shari is the very same artist who contributed the "Tattoo Blue" centerfold in our Spring 86 issue, as well as her debut in *On Our Backs*, "Live To Ride". Mary Dowd is a British feminist emigre to San Francisco, where she has taken up as a contributing editor and jane-of-all-skills to the Bay Area's local women's newspaper, *Plexus*. She has worked as a freelance journalist for many years. Lotta N. (Does that stand for Nerve?) blew our readers wigs away with her first erotic fiction, "The One O'Clock Appointment", from Spring 86. She's recently moved from San Diego to Seattle, where she finds plenty of new erotic inspiration. Klara Lux is a performance artist, illustrator, and impending dyke rock star. Her band, *Typhoon*, has just released a record of the same name. Klara's illustrations first debuted in the Summer 86 issue. Marjan Sax is a Dutch writer who got the idea for doing her research for "\$65" by attending a COYOTE conference for hookers in San Francisco. COYOTE, a prostitutes rights organization, stands for Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics. Romy O. dedicates her story to "my dearest, Sweetest, C." Romy herself lives and works in New York City. Merrill Mushroom has a whole unpublished novel called *Dirty Alice*, of which our story is one chapter. Merrill Mushroom is the author of some unforgettable butch/femme storytelling published in early issues of *Common Lives Lesbian Lives*. She lives in the rural South, in the woods, occasionally revising a piece of *Dirty Alice*. minns has had more erotic fiction published in *On Our Backs* than any other contributor, and is due for an Award Orgasm any day now. Her "Ginny At Tea" was our most popular story in the Summer Fiction issue, and we suspect "Detention" will add to her growing fan club. Tee Corinne is a frequent contributor to *On Our Backs*, as well as to every other aspect of lesbian sexuality. Tee's work was recently singled out by the *New York Times* in a show they reviewed of women artists. If only the *Times* knew what they've been missing out on for so long! Sarita Johnson contributed memorable illustrations to our Summer Fiction issue, and continues to amaze us with her talent and brazeness. She lives with her lover and daughter in Oakland, CA. Abby Talmer is a member of New York Feminist Against Censorship, which is currently preparing a feminist magazine on censorship in the women's community. Abby has written and organized much work on sexuality, censorship, and AIDS education. Jackie Randall is our intrepid cartoonist/sensitive artist/social commentator from Baltimore, MD. Her famous Dyke Beer logo is the subject of an impending t-shirt. Alix O. is very private. She hopes you enjoy her lover's lips. Lisa Francis seems to be in every gay paper in town with her various characters, although only "FLAME" makes her home at *On Our Backs*. Lisa can be found mixing drinks at Amelia's in San Francisco, and we bet she wouldn't say no if you dropped by and asked for her autograph (you want me to sign WHERE?). Lois Lens likes to photograph in the dark. The pictures that accompany "Dirty Alice" are from her "Painting in the Dark" series.

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Monthly 32 page magazine for all gays. We feature articles on gay history, entertainment, and news. \$15/12 monthly issues to P.O. Box 370411, El Paso, TX 79937.

### LEATHER AND LACE

California's oldest and largest Lesbian S/M organization holds monthly Rap groups and parties. For more info write: Leather and Lace, P.O. Box 54646, Los Angeles, CA 90054.

### BOTH SIDES NOW

Is the gay/ bi/ lesbian community organization on Maui and the Big Island of Hawaii. Visitors can get information about current activities by calling (808) 572-1884 (Maui) or (808) 322-3605 (Big Island). Monthly newsletter \$7/year from BSN, PO Box 5042, Kahului Maui HI 96732.

### EIDOS MAGAZINE

Readers are notably involved and/or interested in sexuality issues, sexual lifestyles and erotic arts. Personals with/without photos. Products. Services. Send for free information to: EIDOS, Box 96, Boston, MA 02137.

### MOM GUESS WHAT NEWSPAPER

Is Sacramento based. News, Political, Features, Calendar, Films, Videos, Book, Restaurant Reviews, Entertainment, Opera, Health. Sample copy \$1; \$15/year-Third class; \$25/year-First class mail. MGW, 1400 S. St., Suite 100, Sacramento, CA 95814. (916) 441-NEWS.

### THE WISHING WELL

Lesbians write/meet through The Wishing Well, established 1974. Non-computerized, personal, warm, supportive, confidential, prompt. Code Numbers used throughout. \$5.00 introductory copy (discreet, first class). NEW: "Well-Talk Tapes." Write: PO Box G, Santee, CA 92071-0167.

### MAMA BEARS

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## PERSONALS

### MOVING TO MPLS.

Lesbian couple in their 40's looking for other pro-sex S/M girls to meet and play with—all sizes, shapes, and colors welcome. Box 221.

### LESBIAN, EAGER TO LEARN

Are you experienced in S/M and leather play? I'm 23, college student, slim, attractive, and very willing to be taught. No drugs or alcohol. Chicago area. Send photo, phone, and letter telling me your desires. Box 214.

### ATTRACTIVE SENSUALIST IN HEAT

Experienced GAF, 24, single, slim, designer, intellectual, is in hot pursuit for lustfully, stimulating, oversexed women for innovative, erotic, titillating, feverish fucking. Passionately interested in exploring the endless possibilities of giving and receiving in the art of sexual pleasure. Discreet. Any age/race. No smokers. SF Bay Area. Box 213.

### TAME ME

Very butch, usually top, tend to resist correction. If you can handle me, I can take it; want to explore my submissive side with tough but trustworthy top outside my committed relationship. No cutting or scat scenes. I'm 28, 5'7", average build, smoker. Franklin-Hampshire, Mass. Box 216.

### SHY S/M NOVICE

Black, attractive, 26, 5'6", 215 lbs. of loving and willing woman. Desires experienced butch GWF. My turn ons: light B/D, rough and passionate sex, leather, army fatigue, dildos and cuddling. I am seeking a possible relationship. Send detailed letter and phone. Chicago area. Box 217.

### PUNK ROCK

Punk Dyke interested in corresponding with other Punk Dykes everywhere (possible meeting). Want to share music and punk culture. Favorite music: Husker Du, Sonic Youth and The Smiths. I'm also interested in forming a punk dyke band, so we could blow the doors off the women's music scene. Box 218.

### SO. ONTARIO

I am a 21 year old Canadian



Lesbian who lives in the middle of no where and would Love to correspond with other Lesbians of any age to cheer me up and make my days more brighter. If anyone is interested, please write, I'll answer ALL! And perhaps in the future I'll see ya all too. I'll be waiting. Box 175.

### BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

We're healthy, adventurous, and intelligent, a loving & secure Oriental M/WF couple. Looking for a woman to share the Best of Both Worlds: a Woman who is mature, sensual, positive, playful, and open to unlimited horizons, one who appreciates independence and belonging. Box 219.

### EXPERIENCED

Attractive boss lesbian, mid-thirties, seeks submissive female slaves in Florida or California, and any of the warm country between. Write anything that might excite me, and include pictures, embarrassing, if you have that need, and do include your phone number for a faster response. Box 220.

### I NEED MORE

Sex. I also need love. GWF in New Jersey, 23, and very lonely. Have some experience but not a lot and need someone to teach me. Must be willing to fuck on first date. Attractive artist, 49", and brown hair and eyes. Box 179.

### PORTLAND OREGON AREA

Portland, Or, lesbian, 40, nonpolitical, needs cuddly, feminine woman with liberated viewpoint to help preserve my sanity. Would you like to giggle a lot, try out your favorite fantasies (and mine), trade backrubs (or whatever!), maybe share some other ways to have fun? Box 177.

### SEX STARVED SAN FRANCISCAN

Romance is nice but good sex is hard to find. Brunette under 30, soft, fleshy, warm, feminine, and buxom, desires a good woman (or couple) willing to indulge in body exhausting sex. I am easy to please and hungry for new experiences. All responses answered and any photos returned. Box 194.

### HOUSTON, TEXAS

Attractive sexy soft butch woman, blonde/blue, 5'9", 170 lbs, wants sensual female bottom (novice or experienced) for safe/sane S/M, B/D, outdoor sex, toys, hot phone calls, etc. Enjoy acting out varied scenes; want to blend private fantasies with realities of me. Discretion necessary/given. Box 185.

### I NEED IT NOW!

Androgynous, attractive, 5'11", 128, 24 yr old blonde, new to power relationships, seeks intense, muscular butch/androgynous dark-haired lesbian, 28-45, for exploration

## HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

Write your reply to the woman you're interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with your return address in the top left-hand corner, and her Drawer number in the bottom left-hand corner. Then apply a first-class stamp on the right, in the usual place. (If you don't stamp it, we won't send it). Now fold this envelope and put it in another envelope, which you will address to *On Our Backs- Personals*, POB 421916, San Francisco, Ca. 94142. When we receive your reply, we will take out the inside envelope and address it to the woman's real name and address. Then we will post it in the mail the next day. By following each of these steps to the detail, you will ensure your privacy, and get the speediest delivery.

of bondage and S/M. Very interested in leather, restraints, dildoes in an intense yet non-threatening atmosphere. My place in Calif. Do you have the authority? Box 186.

### NOTHING BOUGHT OR SOLD

Just hot sexy fun...Bi & straight women for fantasy sharing...All ages...Photo (or cassette) explicit please. Box 180.

### HORNY IN HOUSTON

Adventurous lesbian couple 23 and 31 seek fun, friendship, and sex with lesbian singles or couples. We love eating pussy and cuddling--how about you? Can travel in TX and L.A. We're waiting to hear from you. Box 153.

### SEX IN INDIANAPOLIS!

Yes, Virginia, there really is... No more settling for tentative P.C. conversation and tentative belly bumping on alternate harvest moons. Brunhilde with legendary tits kneels in bottom's lace one night and laughs, six feet tall, brandishing top's leather the next. My limits? Broken skin. Yours? Your choice. Box 156.

### OLDER WOMAN

WF, mid-50's, wants to contact Les/Bi singles and couples. If suited may be asked to share my large home, expences, love, etc. Looks, slightly handicapped, 50+, no barrier. Box 158.

### FILMS, EXCHANGE PHOTO

Extremely feminine top/bottom redhead, 5'4", 105 lbs., great body, wants 8mm film regular and super, home-made, also photo exchange, possible meet. For personal use only. Hot correspondence and phone sex. Box 133.

### SEARCHING FOR A GODDESS

I'm an attractive 30 year old GWF, ex-bodybuilder turned femme fatale in search of that special lady to pamper beyond words. If you are shy yet submissive, extremely feminine, and love to be dominated by a strong-willed Irish woman then write me. My interests are cars, cats, clothes, music, reading, stained glass, and frequent trips to Colorado. Letter and photo reciprocated. Texas panhandle. Box 198.

### COME TO ME

I know you're out there. Sensitive, attractive, muscular, intense, shy, 22, butchy femme seeks that special woman with the perfect mix of passion and laughter, intensity and childishness. I love being dominated! Sound like you? Send photo and indiscreet letter. Answer all. N.Y. Area. Box 204.

### NO SEX

New to Detroit. Visit Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Syracuse/Rochester. Diversified interests: From women's festivals, traveling, motorcycle

riding to cross country skiing, canoeing, sunset appreciation. From plays, dancing, to writing, photography, real estate investing. Life, not chemicals make me high. Enjoy people not their clothes and cars. Discretion. Box 203.

### DO YOU WANT A CHILD?

Man, professional, intelligent, financially secure, very open minded, wishes to help have and raise a child. Prefer around N.Y. City area. Let's discuss this. Box 200.

### MADAME:

i eagerly await Your instructions so i will know how to please You best. My limits are broad. My greatest desire is to make You happy in every way possible. Please tell me what i can do for You. Box 207.

### MASTER NEEDED

I am a 24 yr. WL who needs a master of strong hand and mind. I am untrained and naive but willing to serve till death. I'm willing to relocate anywhere. Have done mild S/M but want to go deeper. Willing to train, please be my master. Box 208.

### HORNY INEXPERIENCED BUTCH

New to gay life. 31, athletic, blonde wants well built Femme. Teach me how to please you, I will work very hard. L.A. area. Box 206.

### SLIGHTLY ADORABLE

Swirl looking for Nilla with good imagination. You know where to find me. Box 205.

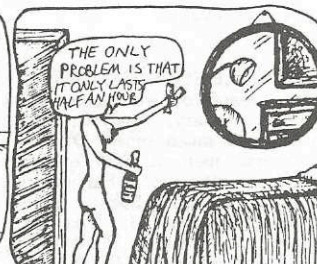
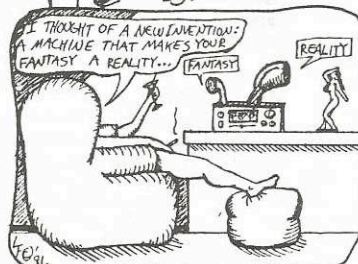
### BEAUTIFUL BOSTON SCORPIO

Dark, good looking marshmallow butch with unpredictable mean streak yearning for luscious Fem who's not afraid to show she likes it. It's been a long time since someone clawed my back and I miss it. I'm 32, ex-hippy turned jock/construction worker. Very strong and sweet. Come on honey, write. Box 211.

### 225 LB. INEXPERIENCED BOTTOM

Seeks experienced authoritarian top in Ann Arbor/Detroit area. I am attractive but unquestionably fat. If that's a turn-off, don't respond on any account. I am interested in intense sex with a good-humored woman. Box 212.

Flame by Lisa Francis





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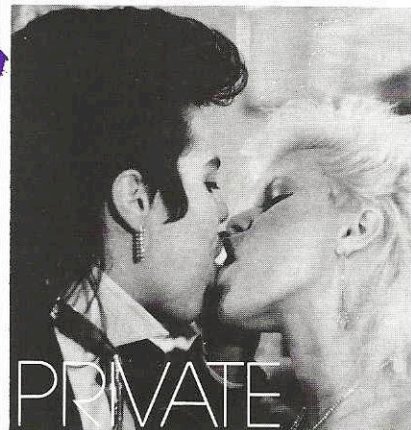
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